IN DOWNCAST GERMANY

1919–1933

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1919–1933

By
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ERRATA

Page 17. 3rd line from bottom: read *Wanne* not "Wane."

Page 19. Line 14. Delete "would be," insert *was*. Delete "it was still in force."

Page 21. 3rd line from bottom: read *meyer* not "mayer."

Page 26. Delete "September 8th" insert *August* 9th.
Note 2. Line 5: *wish* not "with."

Page 27. Notes. Delete fig 1, line 4. Delete fig. 2, line 7 of text, insert 1.

Page 33. Para. 3, line 6. John S. not "H."

Page 45. Last line of note: *furthest* not "fruitful."

To my many

GERMAN FRIENDS

these sketches are inscribed in the hope that they may point to the possibilities of a new chapter in the spiritual history of

THEIR NATION.

NOTE I.

The names of German private individuals, probably still alive, are given only by initials, since it is not possible to ask leave to print them in full.

NOTE II.

Amongst several whom I desire to thank most warmly for help and advice, I must especially mention two Germans, my close and constant friend, Ida Rothert, of Golders Green Meeting; Dr. Konrad Braun, of Woodbrooke; and a Dutchman, Dirk Meynen, also of Golders Green Meeting. Their nationalities may, perhaps, vouch for my endeavour to be internationally minded.

INTRODUCTION.

I had hoped that these sketches might have depicted the various streams which flowed together to form the German Yearly Meeting during those tangled years after the last war. I found that the canvas was far too big for my brush, and I have therefore limited myself to a much humbler effort, namely, to make serviceable to others my own experiences in the group of Friends, English and American, who strove to help our German friends back to some sort of normal life; the German Yearly Meeting was largely the result of these endeavours, although it was not the aim with which we set out. That was, primarily, to ease the burden of material and spiritual distress which hung so dangerously over the heads of that nation.

I have tried to paint in some local colour to parts of the great picture, trusting that, as in a Dutch work of art, the details may play their part in emphasising the theme of the whole. That such details are mostly only personal and all too limited in respect of the main drawing I am well aware. I offer them as what I have to give to a subject of intense sadness and interest—the real Germany beneath all varying lights and shadows. If any reader is hereby drawn to study more thoroughly the history of those tragic years between 1918 and 1939 it will teach him some lessons in the art of *not* enforcing peace and should help to show how a real peace may be created in the coming years.

That the German Yearly Meeting has existed as a full Member of the World Society of Friends and that after 1933 it held its yearly gatherings in its own home at Pyrmont are facts that have gone into the ineradicable book of history, and however much damage, both physical and spiritual, may have been done since, nothing can obliterate what once has landed on the shores of Time; little as we know what that means we do at least know that such craft do not just sink back into the sea of nothingness. Indeed, we look for much

more, for something to arise which is born of a conquered anguish, made strong with the strength of Christ.

In September, 1939, two of us were just starting for Germany in the hope that, as Friends had pressed in when the war clouds were lifting after the last war, there might be a possibility that once more Friends could bring some reconciling word into the strife of those terrible days. It was not to be; once again the frontiers closed down and we saw—

"Des Donners Wolken hangen
Schwer herab auf Ilion."

JOAN MARY FRY.

March, 1944.

Chapter I.—THE VENTURE.

THERE was a rather unusual little group of persons watching the departure of friends by the boat train leaving Charing Cross early on the morning of the 3rd July, 1919. There seemed to be a good deal of interest other than that usually to be seen amongst the relatives and friends of departing soldiers. At last the train carried off only four persons, two men and two women. As the train hurries down to the steamer, let us see who these people were and what was their aim on this July morning.

They are four Friends, messengers of the Society of Friends, who are bound for Germany. The so-called Peace Treaty was only signed the week before, and the long-awaited permits to go had only arrived a few days previously. The Emergency Committee for the assistance of Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians in distress, had been working for the help of such persons stranded in this country, ever since the very first days of the war, and with untiring zeal they had used every possibility for getting into touch with the enemy countries, so much so that at long, long intervals there did come a stray letter or wire through from Dr. Elisabeth Rotten, the good angel of the English prisoners in Ruhleben. And so the first effort of this Committee after the signing of the Treaty was to send out messengers to see the state of the still blockaded populations and to bring back news so as to raise money

for their relief. "There is no need for you to go and see," said one official, who did not want to give us passes; and another remarked that " You had better take arms with you if you go to those places."

Here it must be explained that for some months before the signing of the Treaty the " Liebesgaben "—gifts of love—from the English Quakers had been permitted to break the blockade whilst it was still hanging over Germany; it was to Dr. Rotten that General Sir Neill Malcolm[1] had handed over these gifts for distribution; and the Emergency Committee was naturally anxious to get news of this distribution and to have more details of the need so as to be able to raise additional sums to alleviate it.

The party consisted of Marion C. Fox, Secretary of the German Emergency Committee; Max Bellows, the Editor of the German Dictionary, as language expert; J. Thompson Eliott, as Clerk to the Meeting for Sufferings which liberated the group; and myself, as one who had learned from Germans at Berne in February of the dire need in their country, and was deeply concerned to go there.

With the start we felt that some of the minor difficulties of getting through had been overcome, but beyond Cologne we had no light whatever on our possibilities. Three Americans under the leadership of Jane Addams had started a day earlier than we did, thinking to get through the passport difficulties on the other frontiers more easily than through Cologne; we had hesitated, but finally it was agreed that two points of entrance should be tried, and joy to the party which first pierced those walls which had shut out all fellowship and knowledge of one another for the long four years of war. And now, how to get inside them was the question? The English authorities could give us no help; we might telegraph and write to Dr. Rotten as the one tiny point on which to throw our landing-rope, but often she neither received nor answered our missives. It was very dark in front of us, and rebuffs were many, and courage needed constantly reviving by the deep-down sense that this was our job, come of it what might. What that deep-seated, almost terrifying certainty that this

[1] He was the head of the Military Mission in Berlin, and was to become the High Commissioner for the Refugees on behalf of the League of Nations.

must be done means in enabling one to go out into the dark—and it was terribly dark and bristling with difficulties—it is hard to say: perhaps it is best measured by the depths of doubts through which it led the way, so that one must humbly believe that we were God-guided.

On the journey we lost the one precious box of food which we had with us, but did not dare to make any fuss, lest we should be turned back or stopped from further progress. At last the long hours in the train were at an end and we stood in Cologne, full of soldiers, W.A.A.C.S., and W.R.E.N.S., a hot-bed of military immorality, as I found out afterwards.

We were in great anxiety as to how to proceed; the British military would have nothing to do with us; if we chose to go into enemy territory, that was not their business; so we rather timidly approached the German army officials: much to our surprise they made no difficulty whatever about it; we could go to Berlin if we wished, but they would take no responsibility as to our safety. But we had still to get our tickets through the British military authority, and here an amusing incident occurred; the officer demurred at first to our going, and then, when we had persuaded him that we were not to be deterred, he gave us the tickets and refused payment. "No need to pay the enemy," he said, as the railways had been handed over to the Germans. We insisted, and then, on learning that we did so as Quakers, he thawed and told us that the happiest days of his boyhood had been when he was at a small Quaker preparatory school.

Whilst the travellers were journeying to Berlin it will be well to glance at the general position in Germany as described by Dr. Rotten in "An Anniversary,"[1] an article mostly on Jane Addams. After describing her character, Dr. Rotten continues:

"For some months wagons of "gifts of love" from the English Quakers had been permitted to break the "Hunger blockade" still hanging over Germany after the Armistice. I had been privileged to hand these gifts over to German organisations for distribution among women and children, helped most generously by General Sir Neill Malcolm, then Head of the British Military Mission in Berlin, now High Commissioner for Refugees on behalf of the League of Nations. During all that time, in letters and telegrams, I had pressed English friends to **come themselves,** feeling that the human

[1] Quoted in "The Friend," for 22nd May, 1936.

and Christian message embodied in flannels and oats and chocolates would speak ever so much better to the German people if they could meet the living bearers of that message.

At no moment could such a friendly visit to Germany have been a greater risk, and at none could it have offered greater possibilities than in the days that preceded and followed the signing of the Peace Treaty. The Nationalist, and curiously enough the Radical pacifists, like F. W. Forster, were against submitting to dictation, though from utterly opposed motives, while the leaders of the new Republic saw the choice between accepting the Treaty under protest, with a determination to alter it by negotiations, and the marching of the Allied troops into Berlin. Feeling that a people exhausted through hunger at home and fighting to the bitter end on the battlefield could not be expected to produce the inner forces of non-resistance, even keen pacifists advocated acceptance of the Treaty to avoid further bloodshed and the dissolution of Germany, while the fierce militarists were ready for a last physical resistance under the slogan: "Rather dead than slaves." Rumours were running through Berlin of a "Putsch" of the Nationalist Party in case of acceptance, and black-lists of pacifists and socialists responsible for submission to the Allies to be shot at the moment of the Treaty being signed, were alleged to have been found. A day or two before the actual signing, a pacifist friend came to my office to assure me that I had to get away at once if I wished to preserve myself for future service for peace, being one of a list of twelve to be killed without delay in that case. He produced a railway ticket to Copenhagen, bought for me by friends, and the address of a Danish family where I should stay. The plea was urgent and convincing as to the situation, but for my humble person, not for my course of action. I had no reason to take a more optimistic view of the situation—which later events would have justified. I could only see that, whatever might happen, my place was among those with whom I had lived through the anxiety of war. The Peace was signed. Nothing happened but that the whole nation seemed to be plunged into mourning and discouragement. Those who had trusted Wilson and the good will of the Allies were perhaps the most profoundly broken.

Two days later Max Bellows, Thompson Eliott, Marion C. Fox, and Joan Fry arrived in Berlin, followed one day later by Jane Addams and Carolena Wood, leading a small American delegation. Amongst the many blessings that had almost mystically helped us along all through my co-operation with the Society of Friends and other branches of my work for the "Alien Enemies" in Germany during the war, I have always felt that the inner voice that retained me in Berlin when my pacifist friends fled, and placed me in my office on the Sunday when Max Bellows rang me up from the Anhalter Bahnof to receive the Friends, was one for which I can never be thankful enough. . .."

Dr. Rotten had pleaded for visitors in May when writing to Marion C. Fox, saying:

"Most people are just now so utterly depressed, almost apathetic

and without any hope so that you will understand how difficult it is to prevail on them to lend an ear to any message of good-will from across the water. Now is the time for intensive, not extensive, work; but this work is now all the more urgent, and I was never more convinced than now of the truth and the healing power of that Gospel of love and sacrifice which your Society by its life and deeds is spreading . . . in a world just now benumbed and prostrate. For this reason I am more anxious than ever for you to come here, although I am well aware what a joyful sacrifice on your part I take for granted."

The invisible threads which had kept Dr. Rotten in Berlin in spite of dangers were once again more real than the material ones.

It was into this unknown chaos of dismay and misery that we four had almost naïvely come to bring a message of friendship and good-will. Through various small difficulties and delays we finally found ourselves on the evening of Saturday, 5th July, in a first-class carriage of a train going to Berlin, and had just managed to get a little sleep when a very rough Scotch voice said something which was meant to be "Steh auf." This was only the first of the many times when our passports and even our existence overwhelmed sentries and officials of all kinds, because literally NO FOREIGNERS had been seen on those lines for many years: nor, as one sentry said, had he ever seen such passports. I could appreciate this since I had got out from Germany by the last train that came through in 1914, and I was now one of the first to get in again in 1919. The Scotchman had to drop his bullying manner when he looked at our tickets, and he did not search our baggage, as he and others had to search the unfortunate other passengers. M. B. went down the train to try to see that there was no unnecessary roughness, but as the soldiers passed to and fro with their trays laden with the precious bits of chocolate, or biscuit, or tobacco, which were to have found their way into blockaded homes, we had our first warning of the bitterness of the need.

Sunday found us travelling through the country, sometimes stopping long whilst a fresh engine was brought to take the place of the one which had broken down, and it will be imagined that there were not many travellers when it is told that we held our first Meeting for Worship on German soil that day in the train. We could hardly believe it when, late in

the afternoon, four rather bewildered travellers were turned out on the Anhalter platform, with no one to meet them, nowhere to go, not knowing of a single hotel, and rather afraid of making themselves too conspicuous if they asked many questions. Had Dr. Rotten never got our wire and letters, where would she be on a Sunday afternoon? We had no notion where she lived. The only address that we had was her office address, and a brilliant idea occurred to one of us that she might be in her office. There was a strike of all trams in the city outside the station, and it looked pretty hopeless, until we tried the telephone. What was our immense relief when she replied and told us to await her arrival and to get some " Ersatz tea " in the refreshment room. We watched everyone who came in, because none of us had even seen her nor she any of us. We need not have been so anxious, since we were far too conspicuous to be hidden: we little guessed *how* strange we looked in our British get-up and our evidently lost appearance. However, no one spoke to us nor prevented us from doing what we wanted. We certainly did not then understand the sort of beaten-cur sense that must have arisen in many minds when they saw a group of enemies loose in their midst.

We were soon to find, however, that that was not the attitude in general towards those who called themselves Friends and who really seemed something like such persons, incredible though it certainly was. In fact, this was one of the astonishing experiences that we were to have in regard to the German nation as we saw it during those first rare days of July and early August, 1919. First and foremost, amazement. " How had we come? " " Who were we? " " What brought us there ? " And when once they had been persuaded that we were genuine *Friends,* the astonishment turned into a pleased wonder that friendship could have brought anyone to such a beaten people, and then the final result that nothing was good enough to show us their eager reaction in friendliness.

The following incident shows the unexpectedly far-reaching effects of this comparatively small, yet definite attempt at simple friendliness. To three of us sitting one day in the very empty Restaurant at the Potsdamer Platz there came up one of the waiters and asked whether we were Quakers; even our probably bad German could not have told him that, and when

we queried how he had come to suppose it, he answered that he felt sure that no one except Quakers would come to such a desolate country; he had been a waiter in England and had heard of such people.

But to return to the Waiting Room at the Anhalter station. In time, the small, keen form of Dr. Rotten came; we knew that she had done noble work for the prisoners in Ruhleben, but perhaps we did not understand all that that brave little Swiss Jewess was or did. She told long afterwards how she had so persisted in braving the letter Censors by all that she said in her letters abroad or to dignitaries, that two separate and quite independent censors had failed in their efforts to catch her; they could not denounce her because she was so truly honest and human in what she wrote, and in fact they had supposed that she had some very high military authority behind her; which, of course, was by no means the case. No, she had received no direct announcement of our coming; she only knew that someone would come as soon as ever it was possible, and so she had lodgings ready for three of us: there would be a fourth bed to-morrow. And as we sat round a little table to talk over our ersatz tea—rather like the doll's tea one used to make, of sawdust—a Serbian friend of Dr. Rotten's came up and said: "Surely these are foreigners. I should like to give one of them a bed," so all was arranged for the night, and the move was made to go.

On, yes *on* a little low cart on which were bound benches we set forth; sitting on the front seat with nothing between us and the two poor little beasties that struggled along with their load, one seemed to be actually in the rush and turmoil of the streets crowded with the most extraordinary kind of vehicles, and perhaps we were almost too dazed to remember very clearly the details of that first drive through Berlin. But to find ourselves, at last, in the beautiful rooms of the Princess Lichnovsky, whose husband had been the last Ambassador to London, was an event not to be forgotten. She had agreed to take in the two women. A lady of great personal dignity and, I think, great beauty, she had suffered deeply from the sense of dismay and despair with which their time in England came to an end, and this made her somewhat distant at first. Of course, it was rather a difficult position for her to be in, and after a short time we felt that we had better be rather freer.

and so went to a Hostel. We saw hardly anything of the Prinz, and did our best not to be burdensome in the household; it was not an altogether easy situation for any of us, in spite of her really generous hospitality, as, of course, the food was a serious difficulty. The Princess, a well known author, had been great friends with my brother, Roger, and had now and then seen me when she came to his house, and this helped to bring us together. It was in the large and luxurious bedroom under the princely roof that we held the second—one can hardly say public—Meeting for Worship on German soil, and to our four was added Fräulein Feldner, one of the staff in Dr. Rotten's office. It was not until the return of some of us to Berlin in December that much could be done in the matter of having regular public meetings for Worship, although, of course, we should always have one amongst ourselves wherever we might be, either daily or certainly on Sundays.

We soon met our American friends, who had arrived the morning after we did, and many were the visits which we paid in company with them, although, in order to spread our net for information as wide as possible, we often had to divide up the small party, and thereby cover more hospitals, schools, etc., than would otherwise have been possible in the short time at our disposal. It is not within my theme to describe the deplorable sights we were bound to see in order to carry home the story of a need which had never been sufficiently understood during the war years, and for which, even after it was told in England, the British Government would never give the help which they gave to the case of Austria, of £ for £ against sums subscribed by the public. Suffice it to say that the horror of those child skeletons, looking almost like little monkeys, or the weary cries of the babies sore from their wet beds when there was nothing in the shape of linen to keep them dry and only paper napkins, which were all but useless, is unforgettable. After a time it became possible to get through some supplies from England and, also, later on, through the kind help of General Sir Neill Malcolm, who was taking the place of an Ambassador, we were enabled to buy some foods from the Red Cross stores in the city. Coming in late one evening we found some interesting guests round the Princess's table.

"The guests were a Baronin, who is in the Food Control Office, and will get us statistics, and Graf and Gräfin Montgelas (brother and sister-in-law of the Princess). They came, and we plunged at once—no hesitation—absolutely no sense of fear or suspicion, and the whole evening long we talked, now in twos and threes, now as a whole. . . . One thing is too clear to be left unwritten—the sense that England, in whom some of them have believed—can do such things (such as keep on the blockade) has led to despair, when not to bitterness. We felt that to give hope must be our mission above everything else, and when one sits beside these people and looks at their faces where one sees hunger, physical and spiritual, not advertised, but as far as may be concealed, one feels one must go down with them into these dark places, and one dare not lightly speak words of hope which they are too sore to be able to accept as true. These people are not starving actually, but oh! they are utterly worn and sad, and live in a world that seems to be going to ruin under their eyes. . . . We told them that we were only able to come because the love of so many sent us forth, we told them how we have longed to come into touch, and as we told, too, of our difficulties, it may be that some fresh sense of comradeship was awakened in them." —M. Fox's Journal.

On one occasion when visiting the huge Charité Hospital we saw the preparations for dinner; the meat for 2,000 persons was about 40lbs., and most of the dishes were made of swedes, of course under different names. The Direktor's own two scrofulous children can have no milk because they are over the age for it, and it seems that the Doctors are amazed at the effects of famine, which are such as they had never predicted from their scientific knowledge. Tuberculosis is terribly on the increase, and in a galloping form.

It would be tedious to relate the always told tale by the Direktors and others of the sore need, and perhaps it is best to generalise it to a certain extent by pointing out one or two characteristics of these painful talks, with their many statistics. In the first place, genuine care for the patients, often even at the expense of the family life of the over-worked doctors themselves. And along with this sometimes, but not always, ran a certain strain of resentment, growing into bitter hatred at times, as when one doctor said to us that he was glad not to be an Englishman, owing to their having kept on the blockade for eight months after the Armistice, which was signed in November, and we were in July. As long as the blockade could be held to be a weapon of war, it seems to have been felt that no special wrong was enacted, it was part of the whole big wrong of England's joining in the war; this, it

must be repeated, was over and over again expressed as a sort of almost treason, so utterly unexpected was it.

Certainly things could not have been any worse; still, it did not always happen that people died under these conditions; in fact, I had, at last, to say to myself—People do manage to live in actuality when the scientific statistics would make it impossible for them to do so. Undoubtedly the feeding—at its peak—of 1¾ million children by the American Quakers, and of the thousand Students by the English ones, did have a very big effect, and it was said that the country would never have settled down as quickly as it did had it not been for this material and spiritual help. Yet the effect of the blockade on the whole life of Germany made an indelible scar on the nation and has perhaps not even yet faded out. One eminent Jewish doctor said to me once " We can get on, we can do a certain amount of our work, but only about 45 per cent.; we have not strength for the last 55 per cent.

Now the English Commission as we were styled could not spend all its short time in Berlin, and so on the advice of General Sir Neill Malcolm we made our way to Essen, in order to look into the coal situation. We were assured that this was one of the most serious troubles with regard to the reparations; it was supposed by the Ministry of Reparations at home—so we learned on our return—that coal was one of the main forms whereby Germany might be made to pay. So three of us posted off to see for ourselves. We felt leaving the always ready help and support of Dr. Rotten and the Montbijou Platz staff, but we were most glad to have the presence of the charming Baronin Gartner for a short time and then we were definitely on our own and had to exert ourselves to see to all the intricacies of travel in that disordered time. We learnt something of this and of our own ignorance of German geography, on our way to the very large industrial centre of Essen. Imagining that we might enter it as you do Birmingham or Manchester by a main line running through all the outer suburbs, we were wholly unprepared for places like Gelsenkirchen, where we nearly lost much more than one package, because we tried to board an express for Essen. Altenessen, Dortmund, and Wane all caused us much anxiety as to whether we should change there or not, and looking back on our experiences it makes one amazed that we had set

forth with such a very inadequate—to say the least—knowledge of Germany.

We were a good deal thought of in the Vereinshouse Hotel at Essen, and this was most unexpected by us. We were—as we had to remark to the Germans whom we met, or to whom we spoke—quite ordinary people, and it really was very remarkable when one looks back at the venture which the Society of Friends then made; they sent out, on their own initiative, four quite unofficial persons, backed with prayer and thought and all the unwearying work of the war years for the Refugees in England, and the doors flew open before their messages. Those of us who went knew quite well that it was no personal prestige which carried them through, since they were, of themselves, quite insignificant personalities. It was the Quaker name for genuine friendliness and the Quaker Star which stood for good will and no frontiers, that lit the way.

The Meeting at Essen on the Sunday was very small and not a lengthy one, as we had to send off our good guide and friend, the Baronin, as well as to get off on various quests—M. C. F. to Düsseldorf to pay visits to friends made in England, and J. T. E. and I to Barmen to call upon an unknown Pastor and to make fresh enquiries. But the little Meeting was duly held with four persons, the Baronin being the fourth. Was it really a forerunner of the gatherings which met there in the days to come and did it perhaps promise a time when they will again arise in Germany's largest industrial centre? Our introduction to Pastor M. from Siegmund-Schultze seems to have come on the former rather as a bolt from the blue, seeing that the latter was not personally known to him, and in consequence he and the friend who accompanied him were rather stiff on meeting us, and it was not until they discovered that we were Friends that the ice melted. Then indeed it did, for the Pastor had been in the army during the war (he had joined as a non-combatant) and, having been stationed at the small frontier station of Goch, all the returning and leaving civilians had passed through his hands and he had constantly asked those coming from England who had cared for them there, and the ever-recurring answer was "The Society of Friends," so that he was really delighted to find that we were from that body. It was a pouring wet day and many institutions to be visited and details to be noted down of

hunger statistics and illnesses. We were able to say that some case of Liebesgaben would, we hoped, be coming along in time, and as this was quite fresh ground it was as well that we made the effort to come. Some workmen with whom we chatted when trying to find the parcel which we had lost on the journey to Essen understood our position very well; they thanked us for coming and said that our gifts were meant " im versöhnlichem Geist " (in a spirit of reconciliation. We also made enquiries as to the coal situation in Essen and were greatly troubled to find that so serious was the food situation that the miners could not supply the usual amount of coal; this meant that the industries could not export enough to bring in imports, and so the vicious circle held the nation in its grip, and even when the blockade would be raised (it was still in force) this could only act slowly. Some of us were to feel the reality of this terrible shortage in our persons during the winter of 1919 in Berlin.

But we could not linger in this huge industrial district, as we were due to accept the invitation of the Geheimrat Mendelsohn-Bartholdy to go to Würzburg. I had met him in Berne at a League of Nations Conference there in February, and had been much impressed with his account of the effects of the blockade and of his friendly desire to be in touch with Friends. A long railway journey told us something of the poverty which was apparent in the transport difficulties, long delays, trains so overcrowded that it was almost impossible to get in, and the remark of one station master that " The English prevent our running the trains that we want." Sometimes we saw persons standing on the footboards, and there were pictures of travellers on the roofs of the carriages. Why there was such an enormous amount of travelling it seemed difficult to make out, but so it was. We arrived in Würzburg about 1 a.m., and found the Geheimrat awaiting us at the station, where we ought to have been an hour and a half sooner; we had to be supplied with a pass to allow us to get to our hotel at that late hour, since 11.30 was the time when people had to be in.

The conditions were not quite so appalling as in the north, and we were able to turn our attention just a little more to other aspects of the general situation. We were here quite in an academic circle, and met various theologians and profes-

sors, and we learnt much from conversation with the Geheimrat; we spoke of Erzberger, of a C.O.—G. F. Nicolai, and of Förster. Nicolai was then working in connection with Romain Rolland, and was forming a Committee of French and German students, who, having fought in the war, wished to work together.

It was on the Thursday morning that I ventured to say to the Geheimrat that we should much appreciate the possibility of talking with a few persons who might care to meet us, and he and his wife must have taken great pains to arrange this, as no less than twenty met us on the Friday evening, a mixture of Pacifists and those not so minded. We talked mostly in groups and parties of two and three, with the Geheimrat helping to melt us together, especially in the matter of students, who were very much of the idealist type, with desires for much common work between Germans and English.

We had to leave the next morning, and were only too thankful to have the kindly help of friends at the station; the Mendelsohn B's waited with us on the platform. When the late train from Munich came in, every carriage was stormed by the waiting crowds regardless of class; one was seen to climb in at the window. Up and down the platform we went trying not to lose each other hopelessly, and at last the Frau Geheimrat came running to say that her husband had prevailed on the Restaurant people to let us have seats there. So in with all our baggage we got, in spite of no place to put it.

Finally, somehow or other, we were stowed in, feeling very much *de trop* and uncomfortable, eyed on all sides as unwanted intruders. However, we really gained a great deal in that overcrowded carriage, as, of course, we did our best to be agreeable, and it is not easy to remain glum throughout a long journey when you are sitting so close to one another as you have to do at little railway tables, and the one lady who found herself invaded by the foreigners at her table, thawed after several attempts on my part, as sitting next her. In fact, we had much most interesting conversations. She belonged to a Munich Peace Society, under Professor Quidde, and we found more than one common acquaintance, or at least someone to whom we could attach a tiny thread of acquaintance. As a Pacifist she was terribly sad about the peace terms, and, whilst admitting fully that blame must be laid on both sides, could

not get over the sense that England had betrayed an old friendship, whilst France, of course, was not the same, as she had an old grudge to repay, and with her ravaged lands it was natural for her to be bitter; but Britain, with nothing like the damage—why does she hate so? It was very difficult to give her any consolation, but we got on to happier ground when she gave me the name and address of her brother, naturalised in England, and invited us—if she could arrange it with the school authorities—to come and speak to the Girls' School where she taught, as we were likely to be again in Frankfurt after the Conference at Wetzlar. The break of a few hours in Frankfurt was very pleasant, especially as it enabled us to accept the invitation of Baron Neufville to tea at his house, just outside the French occupied area. He was an old-time internationalist, and worked for peace with Friends in pre-war times. The international work began " over a cup of tea " with those Friends at Lucerne, and he hoped that it might be renewed " over a cup of tea " that day.

It had seemed unimaginable for us to attend a Conference when the idea of it was first started by the ever-resourceful Elisabeth Rotten; we ought to have recognised—as we should have done later on—her capacity for organisation and her great knowledge of conditions. And so, in spite of all our hesitation, we arrived one evening at Wetzlar. Before describing the Conference let me say that this possibility of going everywhere we desired and of, shall I say, expecting to be able to put through our plans without opposition from officials was rather a new experience to us, and arose because we did not sufficiently understand the position of being, in fact—" conquerors " ! Looking back on our short tour I cannot but think that we did not make the most of our opportunities, when all Germany lay, as it were, open to us.

The trains were so uncertain and overdue that we only reached Giessen late on Saturday night, and had to travel to Wetzlar on the Sunday, and so our Meeting for that day was not much in evidence. It was in this little hilly town with leaning gable houses that, in the Dom place where stands the old Heidenthurm of heathen origin, some of us first met Dr. Rittelmayer and his wife. They had come in order to attend the Conference, but owing to its being postponed until Tuesday, they were unable to remain and we were privileged to

have hours of talk with them beforehand. The fact that they had come on purpose to meet us was a sign of the keen desire of the more open-minded Germans to come into touch with their former enemies. Dr. R. was the preacher of one of the largest Churches in Berlin, and we were often to hear him there in the days to come; a man of deep learning, he was awaiting some fresh opening which he felt might come through the Friends. Later on, those of us in Berlin were frequently in touch with him and his family and received much kindness from them, and it was not until he became the leader of the highly ritualist Church (Die Christengemeinschaft), which arose out of the Steiner movement, that we finally lost close touch with him.

It was on one of these first days when Marion F. and I were sitting quietly in the large bedroom which we used as a sitting-room, that a young man, who seemed to be acting the part of "page, or squire," came in and asked if we would see the Gräfin Bernstorff; much surprised and not a little wondering who our guest might be, we of course said we should be very glad. He retired, and soon after ushered in a little old lady, with a Mary Queen of Scots' headdress. She told us that she had heard that we were coming to the Conference and that she had ordered some masses to be said for its success, she having become a Catholic in recent years. She told us many details of the terrible need and so troubled our hearts that we searched through our clothes to see what we could spare; naturally, there was not a great deal, since one does not travel with big supplies when one has to travel light, as we had to do. Still there was something that could be handed on and I believe that it was to go to some Nuns; at any rate, it was for the Gräfin to decide who was the most needy, not for us. It is difficult to describe the scene adequately; there was something almost romantic about it, and I shall never forget seeing that beautifully-dressed little figure come gliding into the room and the wonderful atmosphere which she spread around her; evidently her present religion meant a great deal to her. She held my hand and said: "It is so kind of you to come, I have been so grateful to you all these years." She sat on the sofa and still held my hand, while she told us how several dignitaries of the Catholic Church were praying for us, and one wrote to her saying: "This is the Communion of

Saints." The nuns and children had been praying for us for a fortnight, so now we knew where some of our spiritual upholding was coming from. Later on, we called, and were with her for one and a half hours, and when we had left we realised that she had never once mentioned the blockade. She had an English Bible with her, which she always used, and she said that she had lent it to English prisoners who were working for the peasants near her home. We asked whether she was allowed to have intercourse, and she said " No." She remarked to the officer in charge: " I am an old lady and you can do what you like with me, you can put me in prison, but, as a Christian, I must show kindness to the enemy." His reply did him great credit, " Frau Gräfin, I wish there were more old ladies like you, I will be blind and deaf to what you do."

The Conference itself began on Tuesday, the 5th August, Dr. Rotten being the presiding genius of the whole. One of the things which struck me very much in Germany was the great readiness to speak in gatherings of all kinds. Often, when an English group would take some time before anyone would make any contribution, a German was already speaking, and this capacity would be very generally diffused in almost any group; it is of great use to the somewhat shy foreigner, but may become a real danger to any depth of consideration if allowed too great freedom, and I have known occasions when this capacity to talk destroyed the whole sense of the occasion, notably at one of the very early annual gatherings of the Friends of the Friends. Whether this facility in speech somewhat impedes the give and take needed for corporate action is scarcely debateable, in it is perhaps one of the great divergencies between the two temperaments that, whilst the German is discussing all the possible effects, or supposed effects, of a certain course, the Englishman is already putting something through into action, as the very expressive German phrase has it—" Etwas in die Tat umsetzen "—and the Wetzlar Conference gave one the impression that the Quaker task under these conditions might well be to be a link between the very diverse opinions of those very ready thinkers. And in a far deeper sense the Quaker silence might be of very far-reaching value in bringing together and co-ordinating the varieties of those interested in a new method.

It had been arranged that one session should be devoted to the subject of Quakerism, and the visiting Friends were to speak to it. Dr. Rotten first welcomed the English and American Friends, referring to the Peace testimony of the Society, as something very positive, spoke of their work in France, of their work for Germans in England, and of their protests against the blockade. I then spoke on some of the main aspects—peace, guidance, and the sacraments, closing with an appeal to go to our inner hold on God to enable us to build the new world which must arise on the wreckage of the things which war had destroyed. Carolena Wood spoke of the need to understand one another and of her loneliness in not having been in touch with Germans throughout the war. A slight discord arose after she finished, owing to a very political and caustic remark of one of those present, who would not stop although appealed to by the Chairman more than once. Harmony being restored after some had left the gathering in disgust, Marion Fox said a few words about her father and his work for peace, in a way that touched one rather heated old professor and drew the two together afterwards. J. Thompson Eliott also referred to the fact that Women Friends had been the chief speakers, and this was in keeping with our belief in the equality of opportunity for the two sexes. M. B. could, of course, close with the expressions of gratitude in German. The others had been translated, as it was not until a little later that some of our number were forced into attempting their very imperfect German before audiences.

The meetings for worship were times of very real and deep devotion, and one, at least, if not more, of those attending the Conference are now members of the German Yearly Meeting.

We left Wetzlar with hearts overflowing with thankfulness for all that had been given to us; the good hand of our God had, indeed, been upon us, and, in spite of some slight physical fatigue, we were deeply refreshed.

The last evening of our stay we had invited two students, whom Marion Fox had come to know slightly, to supper with us, Herrn N. and A. and they had told us of a big gathering of the Internationale Studentengruppe to be held at Frankfurt in the great hall of the Kaufmännische Verein at Eschen-

heimer Tor, where they and other students would lay before a working class audience the real state of affairs without all the military padding which is so unstable a basis for a new social state. To this gathering they had earnestly begged us to come. She, knowing it to be a most unusual opportunity, had consented. Strictly warned, before leaving London, not to jeopardise our work by any political doings, we were faced with a decision of no light moment. After tea with the kindly Baron de Neufville, we three went upstairs for the needed quiet in which to make up our minds. Long and earnestly did we search and pray to know what was to be our line of action. After a time we decided to go to the Meeting and see when we got there if there was any opening for us to give our message, and if there was, the lot to give it must fall on me.

Arrived at the hall, already overflowing with its 1,000 persons, we were taken up into a corner of the gallery just overlooking the platform. Herr A. presided, and referred in his opening remarks to Wetzlar and the Quakers. Then Herr N. spoke beautifully; it was an address he had given about a fortnight before to about 90 people, and it was repeated by special request. It was a courageous indictment of what might be called spurious patriotism, and he appealed to the real soul of Germany to repudiate the materialism into which they had fallen. As a soldier, he spoke of what he had himself seen at Lille, in the immoral use of Belgian women. The audience was almost solid against militarism, though there were some reactionary elements who made their voices heard from time to time. He spoke of a great mountain of difficulty which still lay between Germany and other countries,, which must be patiently removed; he also alluded to Wetzlar and the Quakers. Then Herr A. welcomed us and asked if Miss Fry would say a few words. I stood up immediately and spoke in German. It was very short, and began "Meine Freunde, wir sind aus England gekommen" (My friends, we have come from England). I said that we had come because we believed we were all brothers and sisters, and that as to this great mountain, we were able to cross it up hill and down dale as followers of our dear Lord Jesus Christ. It had been a big ordeal, not only to speak but to sit all through Herr N's speech of more than an hour, and I was grateful to the good Baron for taking me out directly it was over.

It was strange, at the words "Wir sind aus England," to feel a great wall of opposition suddenly spring up which almost cut off any touch with the audience; so real was it that it was difficult to speak on, until it gradually faded away, and by the end there was real applause. Looking back on the occasion, it may be said that it had the importance of a beginning, small indeed, but of actually breaking down the war-time barriers. That four unknown and unimportant persons from the Society of Friends should be invited and asked to speak at a public meeting was a most signal mark of good will on the part of our German friends, and that, in all probability the first public words from England should be a message of friendliness from Friends was something that it would have been sad to miss merely through our own cowardice; how near we were to doing that need, perhaps, not be related in detail.

[1] Extract from the "Frankfurter Zeitung," of September 8th, 1919.

"Herr Erik Nolting spoke again on this subject for the International Student Group of the University in the hall of the Commercial Club, which was filled to overflowing. The fundamental ideals of his thesis have already been reported in these columns on the occasion of his first address. Herr Nolting does not with to pose as a politician, but as an ethical philosopher. Consequently, he makes no political disclosures; indeed, he is not in a position to do so; neither do his enquiries lead us to the deeper-lying causes which have brought us to this pass. We must distinguish between the actual war guilt (which the Staatserichtshof has, after all, to decide) and that greater guilt which led men to neglect spiritual things. This guilt may rest upon all people, but with us it has been erected into a system. This falling away in spiritual things expresses itself in Imperialism, in the worship of Power, Materialism. These are, however, especially our sins, because they are sins against the spirit of Germany. It was not the comparatively small number of non-German Pan-Germans who let things take their course with us; in open or secret league with them was the great mass of those who worshipped success, those who were out for profit at any price, the soul-sellers, the Bourgeoisie. Seized by the wild dream of gain they forgot their inborn secret mission. The mountain which rises between Germany and the outer world must be levelled. No mere talk of missed opportunities or the discovery of the guilt would avail; no more imputing of the guilt to other people.

The presence of an English Quakeress and an American Student, who spoke in a spirit of international reconciliation, proved that the barriers of hatred and mistrust were being pulled down from the other side. It was not the form or substance of the English lady's remarks that gave them such a great effect, but the feeling that one

was listening to a pure soul glowing with the ideal of all-absorbing Love.

A poor discussion which had the effect of embittering rather than clearing up opinions closed the gathering." [1]

We had confirmation afterwards from the journalist, Alfons Paquet, that what had been said had been well received, and Professor C., whom we had met at Wetzlar, told us that it had quieted some of the restless spirits sitting near him, who had been very bellicose before. It was in the overfull train between Wetzlar and Frankfurt that I found myself standing next to this German journalist, Alfons Paquet,[2] a distinguished and well-known lyric poet, a short man with a very—shall I say?—full head, round, not beautiful, but very expressive. We had a good deal of conversation, and although I was much interested I little thought at the time that I was privileged to talk with one who was to become one of the finest members of the German Yearly Meeting.

The days at Frankfurt were full of visits to persons and institutions and much fellowship with many persons who, like L. R., have remained fast friends ever since, and many of them have become Friends; throughout the time the good Baron was always at hand to help and consult; we also attended a Peace Meeting presided over by him, where we gave short speeches, the last two in German. Marion Fox had perhaps most to do in the matter of getting into touch with individuals, as she had many thread-like connections added to her native capacity for friendship, which she had acquired through her work at the Emergency Committee. It was here that we met the last of the race of Quakers who had grown up in the aftermath of the Napoleonic wars, and had clustered round the little Meeting House at Bad Pyrmont, at that time a ruin in the hands of the Roman Catholics; but of this latter more anon. W. R., doubtless the son of the old W.R. who corresponded with the London Office re the burial ground, was anything but a Friend, although he was the son of one of the Minden Friends who was a Minister of the Society. W. R. was himself in England for a short time, and was at the printing works in Gloucester. He was very militarily-minded and had left Friends; he was badly wounded at the first battle of the Marne, then he was a prisoner in France; and afterwards

[1] He died suddenly, 8th February, 1944.

became a manufacturer of safety fuses and detonators. With him had disappeared our last hopes of finding any helpful links with the former Friends—that is to say, with any personalities who would be likely to take part in a Quaker revival. As will be shown later on, the fine old Meeting House after all its ruined and—might we say—desecrating years (were that a word for Friends), still had its work to do for the Society.

One morning I had to redeem my promise to speak to Fräulein K's large Girls School, or perhaps it should be said that I had to accept the Fräulein's promised invitation, which it probably had not been quite easy for her to obtain. Here again was the refrain of the great lack of materials for clothing, and for the third time we looked through our luggage to see what could be done without; we had still to visit Stuttgart and to get home—i.e., another ten days' visiting and travelling, so that we could not do with less than one pair of shoes or such like conveniences, but we cut down to the very last possibility.

Our next objective was Stuttgart, where we had arranged to go in order to meet Erwin von Gaisberg, known to Marion Fox in England, where he had lived for some time before the war doing social work, and had been interned in Alexandra Palace. The journey was of the usual kind, with crowded trains and hectic changes with the difficulty of getting our hand luggage out of departing trains, without any help from the non-existent porters. The beautiful evening glow and the full moon were no small solace for small discomforts. It was very good to be met by E. von Gaisberg, who had with difficulty got rooms for us, so full was the town of returning Germans; there was much activity here for these *Auslandsdeutsche* for whom something must be done, since they came with hardly anything of their possessions and very little money: even when their property had been sold in the place whence they came, it had been taken as part of the indemnity. There was also the acute problem of unemployment, and what was even as difficult—the unwillingness to work; this was probably the result partly of underfeeding and nerve strain, but also to a large extent owing to the habit which had become second nature of taking no initiative but expecting to be told what to do, and supposing that the Government must

undertake all the responsibility instead of people doing it for themselves. The food situation was not quite so difficult as further north, but goods were still very scarce, witness the fact that only within the last few weeks had boots with wooden soles appeared in the shops—sandals were the only footgear before. The milk position was still very bad owing to the Allies having taken so many milk cows as reparations.

The time at Stuttgart was very important from the Quaker point of view, since we there got into touch with Nürnberg and Fürth. To speak first of Fürth: Max Bellows and I visited A. B. there. A. B. had been a Fritchley Friend during his residence in England some years ago, and had gathered some persons about him in Fürth with the idea of starting Friends' Meetings. On his return from England to Germany 16 years ago, he had told the authorities that he was a Quaker and could not fight, and although he afterwards definitely gave up his membership in the English body, he yet held to his pacifist views, and was not badly treated: he wrote to the Emperor, and was finally allowed to take only secretarial duties in the Army, where he stayed on for a time after the Armistice, because he found that there was such serious demoralisation that someone was needed to keep order and help the men to get away or else to get some sort of settlement where they were.

It will be well to put together later what we learned about the C.O. situation in Germany: we inquired about it everywhere possible, and had rather varied reports of it. A. B. had mentioned at one of his tribunals that he was a Quaker and that Quakers did not countenance the military profession; but he was told that in this war the Quakers were fighting and that therefore he could rightly take up arms; from what he said it is probable that the fact of the F.A.U. serving with the Army had become known to the Germans.

The Meeting was held in A. B's house, and partook largely of the nature of a nonconformist prayer meeting. The personnel was similar to what would have been found in such a gathering in this country. It was a most valuable experience, if pretty strenuous, staying in the homes of working people, having long talks with such, and becoming acquainted with woodruff tea! I returned alone, travelling by night, in a crowded carriage, when the engine of the train broke down

and it had to wait in a nearby station until another could be got. In consequence it was almost two hours late when I arrived at 1.10 a.m. That little Meeting held on for many years with a strong character of its own, rather more pietist than most of the others, and meeting some of the needs in that district.

The gatherings at Stuttgart were of a different character. The first was a Peace Meeting, with about 300 persons present. Some of us spoke in English and were translated, and some in such German as we had. The matters were: The bridge between our two nations; the work which had been done for the prisoners of war by the Society and the C.O. movement. There was great eagerness to discuss afterwards, and it was late ere we got away. One pastor spoke, with considerable interruption, of the influence of the Christian Church for Peace—the audience knew well that he had not declared himself during the war: hence the unwillingness to listen to him then.

An important incident in our time at Stuttgart was the meeting with O. R. and others. Here it is necessary to go into particulars, as details alone can show the faint traces of a pacifist leaning which was discernible in what we heard. It seems that in Kempton (Bavaria) there had been a tiny group of seekers, who had been holding meetings for free worship and meditation, which often lasted for many hours. One of this group, Paula Hans—a Jewess—is the only one of that primitive group who became a member of the German Yearly Meeting and has remained true to her Quaker faith ever since. With these people we had much most delightful and stirring fellowship, and we held a regular Meeting for Worship with most of them, both in the morning and in the evening, the former in the wooded pleasure resort at Degeloch, which afforded some protection when it rained and also allowed of picnic meals with what we could bring with us. This meeting on the 17th August was one of the strange little episodes which seemed, now and again, to be precursors of our coming and to give a sense of fitness to it when it really happened.

In spite of much that was not quite in our line of thinking and planning, we felt that the touch with this group had been of the utmost value to us, if not to them, and they certainly felt that a door had been opened for them out into a world

where their peculiar hopes might have some fruition in the future.

The thread of our doings must here be broken in order to give some details of the way in which O. R. had come into touch with Quakerism. Marion Fox says in her journal:

"I walked with O. R. and P. H. He told me the story of how he came to Quakerism. When the war broke out he was on his way from West Africa (Portuguese) to Lisbon, was captured by a British ship (the "Germania"), and with captured Germans from other ships taken on a destroyer to Weymouth, Portsmouth, and Southampton, where he was interned in the skating rink. He considered himself an atheist, but he found there some copies of Bibby's Annual in which he read some articles on Theosophy. These made him begin to think; and at Knockaloe he had access to books of various religions—Indian, the Talmud, Koran, etc. In an English newspaper he read something about Conscientious Objectors, sent for a copy of "The Friend," and read in that how Shipley Brayshaw said he would not only pray for King George or the Czar, but also for the Kaiser. He felt that was the religion for him. He went through a deep experience lying on his straw mattress, and after that felt a force compelling him to give his message to other prisoners. In Holland he came in contact with Friends at Amersfoort, and has translated and published a good many Friends' books. He felt that Germany was ready for Quakerism—the spiritual hunger is much greater even than the physical, and this is certainly confirmed by what we have met with ourselves."

This Sunday had been one of very great interest and fellowship, with a quite different group from those we had met hitherto, and we were very glad that we had been able to touch this southern atmosphere, so different from that in the north.

We started at 4.10 on Monday morning, seen off by many of our new friends, and travelled through by stages to Cologne.

We had a little meeting to ourselves in the Dom and then set off for home, which we reached on Wednesday, the 20th August, after a journey of just on seven weeks. Probably none of us had ever before lived through such a seven weeks, nor were ever likely again to have packed into such a short time experiences of such interest and value.

And so the tiny stirrings of a Quaker revival in Germany had begun—a result hardly consciously in our minds when we had set out to bring news of conditions of the blockade.

Chapter II.—DIFFICULT DAYS.

IT is necessary here to explain that Friends' work on the Continent of Europe had for the past 100 years been in the care of the Continental Committee, which had done useful work on restricted lines, having fostered the tiny Quaker communities in the South of France, Denmark, and Norway, and in Minden and Pyrmont in Germany: here it had taken firm root at one time, but, as we have already seen in the case of W. R., had been killed by conscription. The Committee now ceased work. During the war the Friends' War Victims Committee (Secretary, A. Ruth Fry), specially constituted for the purpose, had been working in France, uniting English and American personnel and caring for civil destitution. My sister Margery also worked there for some time.

It is always a vital question with Friends how to do relief work in such a way as to make it clear that a special urge lies behind it, and yet to avoid the snare of using material help as propaganda for multiplying members. These various Committees were gradually drawn together, and in 1918 the Council for International Service was started with this desire for uniting spiritual and material work outside England.

The matters handed over to the Council for International Service by the Meeting for Sufferings, besides relief, related chiefly to the publishing of literature about Friends' principles, the obtaining of information about all the cultural aspects of the various countries by means of "Quaker Embassies" (initiated by Carl Heath), composed of those who went out to live, for a time at any rate, in some of the cities of France and Germany, Poland and Russia: it was also to keep in close touch with the American Friends' Service Committee, since 1919 active in relief in Europe. Unlike the Relief Committees, the Council was charged with the admission of any who might be drawn into membership with the Society, and the care of them in places where there was no other organisation of Friends able to receive them. This, of course,

as will be seen later, was a temporary measure necessary until the time when native bodies of Friends were set up. This is a point of essential interest, and it is to trace, as far as may be, the growth of native bodies of Friends, until the budding of an independent Yearly Meeting in Germany, that this story is told.

It may be said here, in anticipation of what follows, that there was a great desire on the part of many of those Germans who came into touch with members of the Society to have full freedom to form a really German group, whilst at the same time they desired to have all the possibilities for self-expression and variety which they felt to be enshrined in many of the old Quaker customs, so that on the one hand there was the effort to build on British lines, and on the other to build something quite distinct. It was most necessary to help this growing plant more by action than by precept, and it has been of great interest to see how the German organisation has, of its own initiative, taken on very largely, as far as possible under different circumstances, the simple form of our own body—that is to say, local Meetings drawing together occasionally, as in our Monthly and Quarterly gatherings, and then the Yearly Meeting at the head of it all.

It was with the view of helping the growth of this very tender plant that the Meeting for Sufferings sent out, in the autumn of 1919, a few Friends who had a concern for it. Amongst these messengers were Florence Barrow, Frederick Merttens and his daughter Janie, Theodora Wilson and Margaret Lloyd. John H. Stephens also was touring about amongst the various groups of the Youth Movement for several weeks during this autumn—all very valuable work, but rather too spasmodic to be regarded as a permanence.

In December, 1919, it was decided that an effort should be made on rather more permanent lines, and Corder Catchpool and I were sent out to see what could best be done to arrange some sort of a Centre in Berlin. We journeyed to Amsterdam and thence took the first through train that was run from that city to Berlin. It did eventually reach its destination, but the engine broke down several times, and no one knew when Berlin would be reached. As an indication of the state of things there it may be mentioned that arriving at 3 o'clock on Sunday morning it was impossible to get anything at all in

the way of warmth, not even a cup of tea; and bed was the only consolation. There was, however, a Meeting for Worship that morning, and this in itself was a great advance on possibilities during the summer. Later on, we were joined by Gertrude Giles, who had been teaching in Germany and was thoroughly conversant with the life and language.

Going about, visiting persons in answer to invitations, and looking up various openings, it became evident that, if anything of a stable nature were to be formed, an office where we could receive letters and callers was an immediate necessity. Some of the German Friends did not like this idea, and counselled very strongly against it; but we were clear, and at last, after very great difficulty, we were allowed to share the office of one of the welfare societies. Here we used to resort daily to sit in every scrap of outdoor clothing which we could put on, as there was no heat during the middle of the day, all gas and other means of heating being cut off centrally. It will be remembered that we had come across this coal question in Essen, and we now actually felt the results of the Reparations demanded by the Allies. Berlin had, in reality, rather more coal than was due to it in regard to the whole country, as it was considered necessary thereby to keep the population quiet, there being much underground dissatisfaction.[1]

Perhaps it will be well here just to pause for a moment over the condition of public opinion into which it was felt that the small Quaker groups could come with their message of good will. Writing later, one German put it like this (translation):

"Misery and want in the land—a proud people—(the crazy doings of incapable leaders)—now hungry, now in want, and now deserted. Ruined, and yet always ruining one another through fighting one another. We must remind ourselves for a moment that we were like that when the Quakers met us. They were there, quite suddenly actually there, where want and dismay were at their height. They were there, talking little, but helping, helping wherever they could."—(K. W. Junge Menschen, January 26th.)

Again, one of the ablest of Dr. Rotten's helpers, after writing of the Quaker Meetings, which she thought could only slowly take root in Germany, explained this by saying

[1] Owing to want of coal, the Christmas holidays went on for weeks."—("Berlin," Hürlimann, under December 16th, 1919.)

that the mental soil of the country was exhausted, even as was their agricultural soil:

"All the symptoms, manifestations, and consequences of overfatigue I see to a greater extent in almost every one of my fellow-countrymen and women. They are mentally irritated, apathetic. . . . Every means is tried to dispel the tiredness; the nerves are whipped up, so to speak; the power of forming a resolution, the power of will are gone. People talk, argue, like someone tired to death, trying to persuade himself to rise and act, when he has not the necessary power of coming to a resolution. Everybody standing in the way of the exhausted one, when he is engaged in relaxation or gathering strength, is inconsiderately pushed aside. But the worst of all is the callousness, the great mental void, and the want of will-power, the want of the hope of being able to pull oneself together. One hears the words of encouragement—one is too tired to utilise them; one receives the gifts of friends abroad, is touched by the kindness of the giver, but the power to see the real purpose of the gifts, to realise that they are to help to smooth the way to understanding and reconciliation, is wanting."

These extracts are quoted to give some small idea of the need to see the work in Germany as a much longer affair than just a few striking visits: one has to sit down beside such worn-out spirits: hence the great necessity of a centre in Berlin, and its value became apparent almost at once.

The story of the distribution of wages earned by German prisoners under the War Victims Committee in France has been told elsewhere.[1]

But it must find a mention here as it was the starting-point of what afterwards became a large part of the Berlin office. The three Friends—Constance Gostick, Ronald Hotson, and Solomon Yoder—used to come to the office to receive some of the money, sent out from time to time by the Home Committee; with this they travelled round to the homes of the various returned prisoners in order to pay them the wages which had not been given to them in France, as it was not allowed by the authorities there. The surprise and excitement caused by this act of ordinary justice under strange conditions, made the queries about the kind of persons who did such things become a real difficulty to the distributers of the money. Constance Gostick described the state of the people they visited as one of "utter hopelessness every-

[1] "A Quaker Adventure," A. Ruth Fry, pp. 320-323.

where. The men prisoners of war who return are too stupid to speak, the women have borne up so long they cannot do much. They (i.e., the Germans) cannot fulfil the peace conditions. Life is a huge impossibility.".—War Victims, February, 1920). When the distributers returned to the office they begged for something written which they could hand to the enquirers instead of standing at their cottage doors to give an account of the Society of Friends. At first, a short typed sheet was produced, called " Waffen der Liebe " (Weapons of Love), in which it was explained that, whilst thousands of men had been fighting to preserve their homes and their families, the Quakers had been fighting with weapons of love for the largest family in the world—namely, the Family of God. This was soon printed and distributed by the thousand, put into packets of gifts, and supplied to centres asking for information. It was the first of a long list of Quaker pamphlets, sometimes translations from the English and sometimes from German sources. In fact the supply of suitable literature became one of the most interesting and most necessary of the duties of the Centres. In one instance, Professor Rudolph Otto, the famous theologian, of Marburg, sent word that he wished to have my Swarthmore Lecture translated: this was, after many hindrances, completed, and appeared later on in a dress which it would never have worn had it been clothed with it in England.

1920 saw a great extension of relief in the arrival from the States of about 20 Quakers to conduct the Child Feeding, into the details of which it is not possible here to go.[1] As the main support of the scheme was under the aegis of Mr. Hoover, there was no possibility for those taking part in it to undertake what has often been called " the Message Side " of Quaker extension work. This left the task of responding to the numerous calls for addresses on the Quaker outlook to be largely met by the English Friends; later on, our offices were united in the large palatial rooms in Dorotheenstrasse, and the two bodies of workers carried through the joint service in unity of aim, even if in diversity of function. It is no part of the present purpose to deal with the question of relief more than is necessary as a background to the history of the de-

[1] Cf. " A Quaker Adventure," by A. Ruth Fry, pp. 354-361.

velopment of German Quaker thought and organisation. It is very tempting to stray into the exciting paths of big numbers and extensive functioning of well-planned distribution, but this would hinder the finding of the more hidden threads of the seeking souls of men and women striving to find a way out of their despair and doubt.

It has often been found that Friends are called to undertake some bit of work which is unpopular—no one else will touch it. This was the case with the German relief, and perhaps no single item was more unpopular that the Student feeding: even the Home Committee said, when urged by the Berlin Office to start and carry on this particular item, that it was an unpopular matter, as students were supposed to be very reactionary: nevertheless it became one of the most important of the activities of the Berlin Office.

These students were not all the young men whom we should usually understand under that designation: there were, of course, many young amongst them: some of these would have done part of their education before going to the war, and, coming back with nothing else to do, they returned to their University hoping to get such a degree as would bring them some means of livelihood: then there were those older ones who had not even begun their studies; but, here again, the lack of employment drove them into the class-rooms to listen to the professors. There were several foreign students amongst those who used to stray into our offices or attend the discussions which those who had the student-feeding in hand held from time to time, often once a week: there were also musical evenings, and evenings when various nationalities were asked to give details of some aspect of their own country, and thus initiate an international atmosphere.[1] Naturally, there were some German critics who disliked this mixing, saying that it created too much good feeling between the two nations.

It was in May, 1920, that the first meal was arranged in the Breitestrasse in Berlin: it was not a grand opening, for the room was rather poor and not roomy; but there was a good atmosphere of fellowship and cheer about the occasion, which was not a little encouraging in those dark days. In the

[1] For more details of the scheme cf. "A Quaker Adventure," pp. 329-333.

end, English Friends supplemented the feeding in Universities and High Schools all over Germany, except in Ham by Hanover, where for some reason it was not possible to arrange it.

It certainly was a most unexpected opportunity of getting into touch with a class with which we should otherwise not have been connected. The difficulties of this class were for long a source of despair to the authorities, and the entirely unexpected results of the lack of openings into ordinary life, and hence the much longer period of study which many desired to have, often without the means to pay for it, or any hope of the study resulting in any real preparation for life, created situations which could not be left to chance solution, but had to be regulated by unusual plans, such as sending some over to the United States as work students. Dr. Schairer was the ever-helpful and untiring support of the student body through years of these difficulties.

I must anticipate and say that the mental sufferings of this body of men were still continuing in 1923, as will be seen from the report brought back by Winifred Wilkinson when she left the student-feeding work in Berlin and gave an account of it to the C.I.S. The Minute runs:

> " Great as is the material suffering amongst the students, their mental suffering is greater. They feel very much their isolation from the rest of the world, and anything that can be done to bring them in touch with movements in other countries is of great value."—(C, I. S. Min. 64, May 2nd, 1923.)

In February, 1921, the organisation of the feeding was handed over to the World Christian Student Movement as a suitable body to carry it on, Friends keeping the one University of Tübingen as a " Patenkind " (a god-child), in order to give them a seat on the Committee: our friends begged us to do this: they said: " We are all so over-worked and underfed that we quarrel amongst ourselves, and the presence of a Friend is a great help to the atmosphere." As a result of this arrangement we visited Tübingen fairly often, and finally I was favoured by the University with an honorary degree of political economy, which I certainly owed to the kindness of some of my friends, and not in any sense to my efforts or performances. Friends continued to work with the students in Berlin and elsewhere, and there was usually one of the staff

wholly concerned with this piece of work. It was in connection with this feeding that a visitor to the office once very clearly called out by her question the nature of our service: "Of course, you only feed the Rechtgläubigen (the Orthodox)? The "No" to that meant at least we were not out solely to preach.

There was very much to be done in this and the following years with regard to organisation on the spot. The beginnings of the work had been so entirely unbusinesslike that it is wonderful, on looking back, that we did not make more mistakes than we did. There was the relation with the American Committee, which was partly ruled by some strong elements in the States; there was our own work to be settled into a Committee, with, finally, Alfred Splett as Secretary; there were the very difficult accounts to be kept with the Home Committee, not always with satisfaction on either side, owing to incompetent book-keepers! I confess to much incompetence on my own part, as will be shown when someone—a visitor perhaps—remarked to me: "I suppose you are organising this office." I never thought until that moment that an office had to be definitely organised. It gave me the hint, and, as there was no one else, I set to work. We had an old ex-prisoner from England—a regular Berliner—who did odd jobs and was a great help until he became too much of a dictator. Then there were such crowds of visitors that there had always to be someone "on the door." This job—difficult, though not as difficult as some others for a new-comer—generally went to the least seasoned member of the group. It was a favourite story in the office before we joined up with the American Friends in the palatial Dorotheenstrasse that some new worker, unaccustomed to German beggars, was told to sort out those who came to the door, and to keep for the end of the sitting Committee only the really needy ones: by the time the sitting was over she had a room full of the most distressing ones.

Carolena Wood, happening to be with us just then, swept into the crowded room, and within a few minutes she had cleared it of all but a very few, into whose cases she then went: "On the door" was no sinecure, but really an extremely interesting post, did one but realise it. In the Dorotheenstrasse we had our own rooms, and had very happy

fellowship with our American Colleagues, sitting together for the daily Meeting for Worship, and sharing many other matters, either of consultation or visitation with them. We especially enjoyed being invited to the various fine local conferences which they held in various parts of the country, and which afforded us the means of getting into touch with widely-separated Germans. It was at the Sunday Meeting in Hamburg that I first met H. A., then an inquirer, who afterwards became—as he has been for years—the Clerk of the Yearly Meeting.

It was understood that the English contingent was more at liberty to accept the many calls to speak in various places, since the others were under some restriction in this matter. Thus, as the result of child-feeding, a request would come from Leipzig that someone should go there to a big public gathering: then Alfred Scattergood would come and ask whether we could undertake it, and Gertrude Giles and I would go off together to fill the need as best we could. It was comparatively easy to tell them that the Quakers had all along been their friends, but it was not so easy to make them see that German frightfulness, as in the sinking of the "Lusitania," made it much more difficult for their friends to stand up for them; but they did see it at Leipzig.

In February, 1920, the blockade was still in force, food was naturally very short, and prices were high, though, of course, foreigners did not mind that as their exchanges made it possible to buy at ridiculously low rates. It was difficult not to buy sometimes; but in general we avoided so doing, as the Germans felt it particularly hard, saying: "It was bad enough when the war was on, but then we had only our own people to compete with us. Now the foreigners come in and buy us out." It was only too true.

Early in the same year came, too, that sad and ignoble effort on the part of England to aim a blow at the late German Army. One morning there was published in the papers a long list, with about 900 names, of men and women who were to be given up and sent to be court-martialled in England. I felt as if I, too, had received a blow on the head when I saw the utter dismay of friends, like the good Elizabeth Rotten, who had stood so much during the war. I was sorely upset when I found that the name of a distinguished

General whom I happened to know and had invited to lunch that very day was there. I wondered whether he would cry off, as other Germans were doing, or, if he came, how I could possibly set him at ease. He came, and was in blank despair: I gave him what comfort I could, telling him that, if it were at all possible, I would go back to England and attend his court-martial, and we parted without the odious list having broken our friendship, such as it was. The Government and the papers did their best to prevent any outbreaks, but the situation was critical for a few days, so deep and dogged was the determination not to give the listed persons up. As may easily be imagined, the deportation was never really carried out, but it was none the less a cruel blow at the pride of a nation in the depths of despair. And here I should like to add that, having lived for many consecutive months in Germany during the time when various blows were aimed at her national life. I must say that I did indeed suffer with her, since I could not but feel the ignominious way in which she was frequently treated. Would that we Friends had seen more clearly how disastrous such treatment was, and had endeavoured to put more pressure on our own Government to dissuade them from such continued pin-pricks!

Soon after this we were startled by the announcement one Saturday morning that Berlin was in the hands of the Kapp soldiers; Kapp, an official representative of East Elbian landowners, tried to upset the Republican Government with the help of the reactionary Free-corps. For a few days he usurped the Chancellorship, and endeavoured to set up a military régime; President Ebert had, before leaving the capital in the night, called out the Workers on strike; they stopped the trains, turned off the water, heat ,and light; food was scarce and there was hardly any bread. On Thursday, the "Eagles" set up by Kapp were pulled down and the ruffianly soldiers marched out through the Brandenburger Tor, shooting at the hooting crowd; many were killed and wounded.

Things in the city were very uncomfortable for a time during this strike, which ended the " Putsch " (rising). It is said to have been one of the very few strikes, if not the only one, which obtained its object. At the same time, it must be remembered that it was the immediate cause of terrible civil combats in the Ruhr, fomented, it was rumoured, by French

instigation; whether this was true or not, French rifles were to be seen there.

We were living in the city near our then office in Mohrenstrasse; there was no water, except in the standpipes in the streets, no light or heat, no telephones or telegrams, so that two of our members who were some distance out in the country for a rest were quite marooned for some days.[1] There was shooting in the streets, and one used to look anxiously down a cross-street to see whether there were soldiers in the offing, and if so then to take some other route. It so happened that the marriage of two members of our party could not be delayed, as otherwise they would have had to begin their application for leave all over again: of course, they had to go through the civil ceremony first, and then they were to come to the office for a Friends' Meeting and tea: it was the only wedding-tea which I have ever celebrated in cups of water! We were, however, thankful to get those, together with some very unexpected cakes found for the occasion by the capable Alfred Scattergood. It was a truly helpful Meeting, and a very happy, if slightly unusual, occasion, with tables and packing-cases to supplement our few chairs.

I shall never forget the Meeting on Sunday during this "Putsch." Some of us—myself among the number, were very doubtful whether it would be possible to hold such a Meeting, with the disturbance all around us, and considerable danger in going through the streets. Some were faithful enough to go on, and the rest followed. At that time we were meeting in a room of the League of Nations organisation—it was on the first floor overlooking the Unter den Linden, and near the Brandenburger Tor. It was a never-to-be-forgotten time of deep prayer for the 40 or 50 present; there were no addresses, only a few words of earnest prayer for help from time to time. It was difficult at times not to listen, wondering whether we should be broken in upon with some rude military noise or obstruction. As it was, we were privileged to come to the end of our devotions in quiet. It was just as we finished that the tramp of armed men with martial music broke in on our ears, and looking from the windows we could see the soldiers marching past. I was truly thankful then, and have

[1] "March 15th. No transport, the shops are shut. Bloody encounters."—Diary in "Berlin," by Martin Hûrlimann, p. 162.

been ever since, that I was allowed to have that experience of meeting under exterior difficulties.

It was during the " Putsch " that we had a great variety of visitors; some came for food, which was terribly scarce, and some for conversation, as did the young Communists. Some of our German friends urged us to leave the city, as most other foreigners had done; but we did not feel it the right time to desert our posts as reconcilers when strife was abroad. We did dispose of most of our food stores, as we were warned to do in case of being raided for them.

It was not, however, only in our office that we had endless opportunities for talking to people of peace, of Quakerism, and such like subjects: at this time we used to wear the small Quaker star, in case of getting into disturbances when going about, and it opened the way for conversations with every kind of person: the Star cakes given at Christmas with the food made the local lady who cooked the Quaker food in an out-of-the-way village in the Erzgebirge recognise us as Quakers, and over and over again people would ask what the Star meant. An enquiry from a quite unknown village would often lead to a most interesting journey for Gertrude Giles and myself, and it would be wearisome to detail the many little kindnesses showered upon us on these travels. At Easter we visited some small places in the Erzgebirge, and just a few details may be given of this as an instance of many, many more. We were on our rather weary way from the station to our hotel in the country, when we were picked up by the pastor who was searching for us and driven the remaining distance in a carriage with such a beautiful pair of horses that I felt as if I were in a fairy tale: then the chat with young men whilst we visited an old prison, their astonishment at hearing of our C.O.'s in prison for their peace witness—the Star recognised by one small boy, who volunteered to say: " Mein Bruder isst Milch " (i.e., " My brother eats milk "—" My brother has Quaker food "); then the journey to the big industrial centre of Chemnitz on the Easter Sunday, where Gertrude Giles spoke in the theatre to a large gathering. A little later on, the Town Educational Council of Chemnitz was asking for 65 copies each of 17 different Quaker publications for distribution amongst local schools and libraries. Then we went on to the little town of Stollberg, where there was no

feeding, but an interest in the Quakers, and the gathering in the large church in the evening of Easter Monday; all the entertainment halls, etc., being occupied with dancing, the church was the only place available, and it was filled, in spite of other attractions. We both spoke, answered questions, and finally sold many of our pamphlets in the vestry. At the very primitive little hotel we were kindly entertained by the landlady, after her many fears as to what to do for such strange creatures as two women—and Quakers, too—had been allayed by the energetic schoolmaster, who had planned this rather daring episode in his series of lectures.

I re-read the descriptions of these journeys, with their unexpected access to the real heart of Germany in her ordinary people, with an ever-fresh sense of what we, as a nation, missed in not taking them as they were, when their hearts were open for appeasement, often so ready to be touched by the smallest sign of good will; and the tragedy that the Allies sowed dragon's teeth instead of peace has resulted in the long run in aeroplanes which now kill our peace-desiring people in their homes: we Quakers did not see far enough to protest then sufficiently at what we saw was going on. And so we all suffer for the sin of our blindness. That is the ever-recurring chorus which rings through my story.

But I must retrace my steps somewhat.

The "Putsch" was in March: in June came another public opportunity for making some points in our way of looking at things apparent. On the 27th of that month there appeared in the "Frankfurter Zeitung" a remarkable letter from Alfons Paquet, whom we had met at Wetzlar the year before. A journalist of very real distinction, he had not then—as he did later—joined the German Society of Friends; but his extraordinarily fine account of the Quakers in that letter, together with his admirable historical study, was bound to create interest in and enquiry about these strange visitors. I must give a translation of a few of his words about the gathering at Wetzlar, which will show the spirit in which he wrote:

"We sat together, a number of Germans and a little company of English and American men and women, under summer foliage at Wetzlar. We were unknown to one another, and yet between the deep-felt messages and eager words there were moments of a quiet and cheerful familiarity. Somebody spoke of the letters of Goethe

to Luke Howard, a Quaker student of Nature, the ancestor of one of the guests present; it was as if something divine came into the meeting with those pure, considered words which had once gone from Weimar to England. Many of the things which were said there in quiet Wetzlar between that group of foreigners, whose visit meant so much, and the deeply-moved Germans, will not be forgotten. . . ." Some special memories were roused in him, " perhaps most of all in the brief Meeting for Worship which was instituted by some of these English on week-days in the freshness of the summer mornings. It was characteristic of these meetings that in them not a word was spoken. These minutes served for the hearing of a silent wisdom which is greater than even the wisdom of Solomon." It is sad to think that the " Quaker Embassies " did not fulfil his hopeful idea that they might " become more important for world-peace than the official Embassiee sent out by Governments, with their costly and somewhat outworn machinery."

And then on July 11th, 1920, came an even more thrilling appeal in the same paper from the poet Wm. Schäfer, who was the author, amongst other poems, of a history in thirteen chapters, each a description of some distinct episode or movement in the history of Germany.[1] I have never read such intensely exciting and thrilling accounts of such events as I read in some of these thirteen chapters. His appeal was even more disturbingly intense, and still to-day its suppressed fervour stings as we recognise that we have not been able to do, or be, what he had hoped of us when he wrote:

" What moves me most of all is the feeling that you are the only ones in these unhappy times who have stood your ground. I do not mean that there is nobody else who has bravely faced the world war

[1] It may be of interest here to give a translation of one of the chapters of Schafer's book called " The Guilt " (i.e., of the last war):

" ' If you desire peace, arm for war,' was written over the doors of the various States, but the two-edged phrase had led the West into Hell. Because he who arms for war breeds more war, and he who breeds war is devoured by it.

" Bismarck had said that there would be Iron and Blood; but Iron and Blood mean violence, and violence means the misuse of power, antagonism or slavery—they can breed no other. The Western States antagonised one another, and the shadow of slavery hung over the defenceless nations of the earth.

" They called themselves Christian nations, and they lived in hatred: they sang ' Peace on Earth,' and gloated on war. They were proud of their culture and loaded themselves with cannon.

" They sat like beasts of prey behind their bars, and like beasts of prey they roved over the fruitful fields of the earth to find their

and its consequences; from all sides the voices of such ones have come to our ears; but they were individuals and you are a group. Isolated individuals could be strong and defiant, seeking and hoping, bitter or devoted; but you were sure. Your group gives you the foundation for which we individuals are seeking. As I recognise in you the only group in European life that was strong enough to withstand the shock of fate, my thoughts linger about you with the old question: ' Are ye they that should come, or look we for another?' "

Pathetic, indeed, and sorely searching for all who knew in any sense out of what a moral and spiritual wreck they came, and even now I can hardly bear to think how we failed him and others like him.

As a result of these letters, the Home Committee considered what action should be taken, and after some delay it was arranged that I should, with help from others, draft a letter to the paper, take it over to Berlin and publish it when the time seemed ripe. Correspondence was taken up with the poet, and finally it was decided in March, 1921, that Carl Heath and I should accept the invitation to visit him in his home in Pudlingen, on the Bodensee, partly with a view to discovering whether he desired a closer link with Friends or not. In Munich the Heaths and I joined together for a Conference on the Saturday evening in the studio of two outstanding League of Nations ladies, one of whom, Dr. A., had played a considerable part in the régime of Kurt Eisner, though she never would accept a post in his Government. It is remarkable that during his ascendancy in those very

victims amongst the defenceless peoples.

" And all their desire, their strife, and their deadly enmity was to get their prey; they called colonies their feeding-ground, war which they themselves brought into all the corners of the earth.

" If you want power then arm for war! If you want the misuse of might then become mighty yourself, in order to make use of power, and if you want peace then you are a sheep among wolves.

" Russia wanted more access to the sea; but the sea stood open to all her ships as long as there was no war: England had to safeguard the sea passage to India, but in peace time a bridal pair could sail a sloop to India. Germany had to break the British sea-lordship, but the harbours of the whole world were open to the black, white and red flag until war closed them. The Western world wanted war because the basis of its existence was force; and since it had bred war for 40 years the bars of peace could no longer hold back the beasts of prey behind them."

So sang a German poet soon after the Great War ceased.

troublous times no one was ever shot. The studio was crowded, and many had to stand. Very divers opinions were represented, and one pastor said that he was glad to be brought into touch with persons so far removed from his usual circle as were his hostesses. There were not so many—about 40—at the morning Meeting on the Sunday, held again in the flower-filled and sunny studio, but quite enough to afford much opportunity for varied conversations after the time of worship.

The next morning saw Carl Heath and myself off to try to find the poet Schäfer, "somewhere near the Bodensee." There had been no answer to our telegram suggesting the day of our visit, and we felt a trifle nervous as to whether we should succeed. As we had no directions of any sort, it was a question whether to get out at the station or the harbour; happily, we chose the right one, for when I jumped out to see whether I could see anyone like a poet, it was cheering to espy a short man in a straw hat who might play that rôle, and Wilhelm Schäfer it was. When we learnt that his guest-house had been burnt down the week before, we no longer wondered at the lack of word sent to us, and were all the more satisfied to have found him.

We spent several hours wandering round the harbour of the Bodensee, with intervals for lunch and tea. Our host had a habit of standing still every now and then during his long expoundings, all of deep interest to us, and I was thankful to be able to suggest a seat now and then, as C. H. was too unwell to be able to take much part in the conversation, and I was really glad when about 5 p.m. we saw him off to Munich, whilst we took our places in a 4th Class Smoker for the Schäfer's home. We travelled right up to the northern bay of the lake, whence we could see Constance in the distance, and I thought of all the many sad, sad years that had passed since I was there with the Peace Conference in those tragic August days of 1914, when we all tumbled into the war pit. Now it was all beautiful; the evening light was gilding the Swiss giants of the Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau with their attendant peaks, and I was out on a specially interesting job, so I could enjoy everything. It was a beautiful land, rich pastures and orchards just coming into bloom as they lie open to the south. There had been no Quaker feeding her, since the need did

not exist, and it was a relief just to enjoy without wondering whether the conditions were good or bad.

The Schäfers came to Pfullingen from Frankfurt only a few years before, because they could not exist there—they suffered so terribly from hunger. He told me that his wife would sit for hours with her arms on the table, unable to do anything, unable to rouse herself from dwelling on the unending misery. She now looked well, seeing that they had butter and milk from their own goats, but she was still often giddy and could not walk far; however, she met us at the station with young Niko of 10 years, a young man guest, and the maid with a tiny handcart for my bags. The house stood above the lake in its garden and orchard and surrounded by flowery fields; above it rose the ruins of the guest-house and the poet's studio, for he paints as well as writes. At the time, he was engaged on a big book on the History of Spiritual Thought in Germany, intending to bring it down to the present time so as to show what he thought was the immediate work that Germany should do; he was sure that there was a very real possibility of the revival of true religion in the country. His letter in the paper, addressed to Friends, was in reality addressed quite as much to his own people as to us, and he had had a great many letters in consequence.

His conversation was vivid, mostly quiet, but it hardly needed his sometime remark: "I was very angry, I was wild,' to recognise that there was a big fire underneath that quiet exterior. His fondness for children and animals made it delightful to watch his relations with Niko, or to see him playing with the pet kid. His wife, the second, came of an aristocratic family, and used to live not far away; she was very charming, a great gardener, and very simple, and although brought up with no idea of doing any work herself, had evidently developed finely in undertaking it. It was she who first read of the Quakers and called his attention to them. Like all those to whom we put the question as to whether Friends should remain in Germany for the present, they were keen that we should do so. "We shall surely keep in touch," were among his last words when seeing me off on Tuesday afternoon. He had a very pleasing humour and enjoyed the story of the two gentlemen discussing the necessity of eating rats if conditions worsened. "It is not the rats," said one,

" that I mind, but I dread the Ersatz rats."

For the first time since the war they had white Brötchen for breakfast in honour of my visit; Niko at any rate enjoyed the rolls if the honour was not so clear to him.

The main object of this visit was to discover whether Schäfer's earnest appeal meant that he himself wished to come into closer connection with the Society. Personally, I was quite sure that he, like Rudolf Otto later on, had no such idea, and neither of them, in my judgment, was built on lines running into Quakerism, however much we had to gain by learning to understand their outlook, and perhaps they also something from ours. It is the definite spiritual somersault from trying to convict your opponent to the endeavour to understand him and to find some tentacle of good will to which to attach oneself that is so alien to the ordinary methods . Alfons Paquet arrived at the point at which we aim and his statements in *Die Neuen Ringe* are among my sheet anchors[1].

But to return to Munich, where I was due to speak one evening. The American office in Munich had been the palace of the royal family, and it was quaint to see files and papers for the Child Feeding lying on the great shelves where once the Queen's dresses had lain. But the place of our meeting that evening was very different, being a back room of one of the many Munich Bräu or beer houses. It was a Baltic friend of ours, Dr. S., who had arranged the gathering of persons in-

[1] " Die Neuen Ringe," p. 82. Translation.—" The true Non-Resistance does not threaten its opponent, nor indeed does it increase his opposition. Since the non-resister does not answer a blow with a blow he puzzles his adversary, gives him a pause, even seems to promise him the power of freeing himself from the entanglements of force. The soldier does not do that to his opponent; it is not his duty, and the soldier knows nothing beyond that. He is, in fact, like Pilate, judge and officer, placed there to keep order and punish the guilty; he will also one day unwillingly condemn Christ when the noisy crowd will drag him to the judgment seat. Pilate who washed his hands because he could not discover the guilt of the Guiltless at last said to himself the simple word of resignation: ' It must be.' That is always the last word of the judge and the officer who stands by his duty. It is mere opportunism. It is the spoken answer to the whispered and dangerous question: ' Must it be? ': to the question: ' What is truth? ' the condemned has no answer except his very existence. The efficiency of force at last breaks down in a grammatical solution."

terested in his scheme for starting a Communal Settlement in Siberia or the Caucasus. They struck me as quiet, independent-minded people, and they listened well as they sat and sipped their beer and smoked their pipes, the fumes of which nearly brought my talk to an end until the leader asked them to smoke as little as possible. Of course, the subject was Quakerism. After the talk there was much conversation and many questions. I shall never forget one lady with whom I spoke; she asked me to do her a favour, and then told me how her son had been struck down and killed by an English airman, and how the latter had taken the name-ticket and watch from her boy and had somehow returned it to her; then the Englishman himself was shot down and she got his name-ticket and some small belongings. "Would I take them back to England and let his people have them?" She had been looking out for some trustworthy messenger and thought that one of the Quakers would surely be such. I gladly accepted the job, and was able to return the packet to the boy's father, who told me that until he received it he had not known what had happened to his son. Good-will in the midst of hate, but it needed a focussing point or it would have been in vain.

Chapter III.—THROUGH OPENING DOORS.

TO be free to travel all over Germany, going through ever-opening doors, was an unwonted experience and taught me at least somewhat of the varieties of institutions and personalities which had been forced into some kind of unity under Bismarck. From Berlin to the very toe of Silesia in the South-East and then to Hamburg in the North-West to visit social institutions gave me some idea of their variety, and sometimes I had to admit their superiority to our own. Going down to Silesia just before the voting on March 20th, 1921, on the division of the province supposed to have been settled by the Commission after the Versailles Treaty, I became distinctly aware of the heated feelings on both sides. One lady in the train asked me if I were going to cast my vote, supposing that I was a native of the district: the ill-feeling aroused in that district alone would have been enough to start

another war unless it had been wisely and sympathetically dealt with, which, unfortunately, was not the case. My destination was Miechowitz ("Witz " is the Polish for village), where Mutter Eva Thiele-Winkler and Schwester Annie Whisler (an English lady) had a very remarkable home for hundreds of destitute children and old and impotent people: this they ran on the principle of never asking for money except by the way of prayer, and, although their method was hung together with a—to me— somewhat difficult theology, I frankly admit that it had—and was still having—wonderful success, the success of real and devoted dependence on the love of God answering unselfish prayer. Mutter Eva is the daughter of a General, and was brought up with brothers by a stern father who believed in martial methods and qualities. His only daughter turned aside from the possibilities of a rich and powerful family to help the squalid poverty which she saw around her home, and to give herself as a Deaconess to the work. Friedenshort, as the central establishment is called, has many satellites in other parts of the country, as well as missionaries in China and India, and thus the fellowship embraces many hundreds, if not thousands, of persons, both active and assisted, widely scattered over the world: Mildmay, in England, is connected with this admirable and far-famed institution. There are two words which, to me, are typical of Friedenshort—" Singing "—even the smallest mites of children are always singing—and " Giving "—it is impossible not to receive from these Christlike persons. The Americans gave an extra meal a day to the most necessitous of the children, and gifts of clothing, etc., often flow in to the never-full coffers of the Hort. To say that all the clothes are mended until it is hardly possible to say which is material and which is patch, is only to state the fact, and does great credit to the unwearied labours of all the Sisters and Mothers of subordinate homes. Each home on the settlement has its own name, either that of a bird or a flower, and if one is moving anywhere about the open space between these homes one is sure to be attended by crowds of children, all anxious to give some information or hear something fresh: it may be that a call will be heard that the Robins are wanted at home, and the group will separate itself out without the least disturbance to the rest of the crowd. I was very sensible that I had no

claims to have attained to the very high standard of Christian living and praying that I witnessed there, and it is impossible to be a guest in that great household without feeling one's own lack of attainments in the life of faith and power.

The Hamburg institution was of a very different kind, as I will explain later. The main object of the visit of Erwin von Gaisberg, G. F., a welfare worker, and myself was to attend a gathering of some who wished to know more about Quakerism; but, as usual, there was much more included than that sole object. I shall never forget the visit to the huge docks and the magnificent tunnel under the Elbe, through which we drove in the fine motor of the American Superintendent, Robert Taylor. His job was to forward the stores which came from the States and to keep the local centres supplied. It was one of the greatest difficulty and anxiety, since traffic was still in a very uncertain state. To see the huge warehouses, which formerly, owing to traffic pressure, only received goods that could be forwarded at once, now almost bare save for the food for the Child-feeding, to see the "Bismarck," the largest mercantile vessel in existence, no longer in the hands of her makers, but being repaired for their opponents, and to be told that she could not now be got out of harbour because all the large dredgers which cleared the passage for big vessels had been taken by England, and only the smaller ones left to keep the channel clear for the smaller craft, to see her lying idle, to hear that the great floating dock had crossed the North Sea to be landed at Sunderland, where the labour men were clever enough to see that such doings stole the bread from them—all this made a very sad sight-seeing, which could not be relieved even by visiting the beautiful part of the city along the two Alsters, delightful as that was.

Our gathering of about 30 persons met in a strangely unsympathetic place, the wedding-room of a large restaurant, decorated in full German taste for such occasions, which made it difficult at first to get into the right atmosphere; but we succeeded in the end. Geheimrat Mendelssohn Bartholdy, whose words to me at Berne in February, 1919, had sealed my concern for Germany, was present and spoke with great earnestness of the need for Friends to stay in Germany—in fact, he urged us to come more into the open by arranging Meetings

for Worship. He was a quiet, retiring personality, and I was surprised at his warmth in explaining how great had been the effect on him of the few meetings he had attended in Berlin; Professor H., a well-known criminologist, also spoke strongly in the same sense. His question: "Why do Friends make such a fuss about the evil of the silence method in prisons when they promote it elsewhere?" gave me the cue to bring out certain essential points. The second gathering was held in answer to urgent pleas for it, and, owing to police regulations, which made the finding of the hall difficult, the large, ugly one which finally could be obtained was even more discouraging than the former, and our little group seemed almost lost in it. However, Geheimrat Mendelssohn Bartholdy spoke so very well at the beginning that we gathered heart and closed with a real silence, at the end of which I was quite surprised to find that such a gathering was to be continued from time to time, and the names were then taken of those who would support it. Naturally, our two friends were to be the mainstays. It was certainly a time when there was considerable interest in such occasions, and yet many of them were only the sort of essays which lasted for a time and then faded out. It was probably right to sow the seed, although the ground was not deep enough for permanence: it was all that could be done at the moment, and was sometimes the precursor of later harvests, though not always.

We sat out in the starlight in front of a café after the meeting, together with the L. family, whom on this visit I got to know fairly intimately, with G. F. attending three of the Professor's lectures at the University, spending some happy hours in their charming home, and enjoying their music. Professor L. is interested in the other institution of which I have written—the huge prison of Fuhlsbüttel, where he has done very much to create better methods. It must be remarked in passing that in some respects the social services maintained under the Republic were more advanced than our own over here; the abrogation of the death penalty, for which the Professor stood, was much discussed though not put into action.

The prison was then the largest in the world. Whether or not it retains that remarkable distinction I do not know. Women are not allowed to enter, and even the Frau Professor

had never before been inside, so perhaps the Professor's question to me could be understood when he suggested that I might be afraid to go into the men's department, little knowing how often I had done so in our own prisons, and how much at home (I had almost said) I felt in those long, narrow corridors and galleries, so exactly like my Wandsworth hunting-ground. And yet how different! I had never before sat in a prison chapel and listened to the singing of old folk-songs and the playing of a violin solo by a young Czech; or, again, to the brass band which we found performing in one of the bedrooms, where they had been hastily got together for our benefit. Some of the sentences were very long—some for life: one man whom we visited was soon going out after 33 years' confinement. What could he be expected to do in the maelstrom outside after being so long dependent on others for every detail of his daily life? It might be that his book-binding would serve him in good stead. Landscape-painting in oils—of course, only from memory—and embroidery were amongst the crafts plied, and some of the inmates to whom we talked in their cells did not seem too sadly abnormal. But it won't do: the best reforms cannot make prison the best method for recovering men from the far-country of crime—something far other is needed.

The L's was not, however, the only family where I felt that I was really allowed to be in the circle. A short trip down the side of the Elbe brought G. and myself to Blankenese, where the Mendelssohns lived in a fine large house with gardens sloping down to the Elbe. To sit out and gaze at such a scene, and to hear from the house the music of his great ancestor played by the Geheimrat, was indeed a luxury. In talking about the Treaty of Versailles, he told me much of interest, as he took some part in it. Unlike Graf von Brockdorff Rantzau,[1]

[1]Graf von Brockdorff-Rantzau went to Versailles to sign the Treaty; this he refused to do, saying amongst much else: "It is demanded of us that we shall confess ourselves to be the only guilty ones of the war. Such a confession in my mouth will be a lie." It will be worth while to give here a short extract from an article by him published posthumously in "Die Tat," of January, 1931, because it describes with fine discrimination the wrong done to Germany by that Treaty, which we have been seeing more clearly with each succeeding year, and which now (in 1943) has come to full fruit in the war, which is certainly overthrowing just that capitalism which the Allies in the

he felt that the only course was to sign, and, as one might say, hope for the best from good feeling later on; it is still a disputable point and useless to discuss it, since history cannot be re-written. The Geheimrat stressed especially the fact that the majority of his nation was not schooled in political thinking as much as English people, and it was this sense that they had failed largely through inability to think with knowledge of other nations that led him to found, soon after this, a school for international political thinking, together with a journal with the same object which circulated for some time, and to which he did me the honour to invite me to contribute, an honour which I neither desired nor could refuse to accept.

To see Dr. Martin Buber, the celebrated Jewish writer and leader, was another of my privileges in the way of introduction to German interiors. My dear friend, Elisabeth Rotten, was my guide on this occasion and we stayed in the house of a lady who was feeling the pinch of feeding her five children without the help of a husband, now dead; but one would have no time to write of anything else were one to list all the hard cases which used to come our way in those bitter days of the early '20's.

The Jewish Dr. Martin Buber was one of the foremost writers and thinkers of the day in Germany: he was a short, strong man of over 40, with a very quiet, and, at the same time, almost strange dominance, which was not, so to speak, personal, but arose from the weight of his thought and truly

last war hoped that they were preserving. The extract is as follows:

" The Economic Demands of the Peace—A New Policy of Encirclement."

" Every thrust begets a counter-thrust. In the past, owing to her unfavourable geographical position and **under pressure of the 'encircling policy'** (' isolation policy ' of the surrounding nations). Germany organised herself as a military power, thus arousing the uncritical distrust of her neighbours: so nowadays those responsible for the unbelievably severe economic conditions laid down for Germany should bear in mind the dangers consequent on this new ' isolation ' policy, and should remember that this new form of oppression must create its counter-thrust. Undoubtedly the new development of economic structure, the beginnings of which we are witnessing in Germany to-day, **will not proceed by peaceful evolution, but will unquestionably cause a revolution in world economic ideas (' opinions ') and produce those very conditions which English and American capitalists, who already cast a suspicious eye on developments in Germany, most wish to avoid."**

matched the massive head and sturdy frame. He was one of the strongest supporters of the Zionist movement. One was at once aware of his directness and the absence of any pose—an attitude which demanded sincerity in others as well as in himself. In one of his more recent books (*Die Stunde und die Erkenntnis,* pp. 161-162) he made a remark which is illuminating for the present position of both Jews and Christians in this country. Whilst acknowledging Christian hospitality and generous assistance, he said: "Israel is not received by the Christians as Israel . . . not accepted as Israel, but as a multiplicity of Jewish individuals"; and he asked: "Is a genuine reception of Israel possible?" (Quoted in *Communion in the Messiah;* Lev Gillet, p. 158). This points to a very acute and fundamental difficulty in our relations with our Jewish brethren, and what is needed to solve the ever-present problem. We had long talks, sitting either on the balcony or in the pleasant sitting-room opening on to it. Dr. Buber is a deeply religious man, and his acquaintance with, and interest in, the New Testament is profound. I do not think I have ever heard anyone speak of the Beatitudes in such an inspiring manner as he did one day to a small group in Berlin. His personality was such that one did not ask whether he were Jew or Christian.

In my gallery of portraits I also had that of another very fine Jewish writer, who became Christian: Constantine Brunner wrote largely on philosophy, and published a book called "Unser Christus." This I read, and one of the most striking passages which still hangs in my memory was to the effect that Jews should not let the Christians take Jesus away from them, seeing that he is their own greatest personality. I believe that there is something very profound in this remark, and that those who constantly wonder how we could bridge the gap that seems to separate our two races might try to understand better how galling it must be for them to have the flower of their race, as it were, snatched from them and planted in quite another garden, where they are not at all wanted. Far be it from me to overlook their failure to see what they ought to see, for it has been well said that Jesus is ever testing men by His mere existence, since we are bound to recognise a good man when we see him; but there may still be some truth in the contention that we have made it harder

for them to see straight. Brunner also made some very strong statements about the way in which Jews, as it were, by their cringing behaviour brought persecution upon themselves—statements which required a good deal of courage to make. A friend of ours, Herr L., and I visited the author one day at his pleasant home overlooking the lake in Potsdam. We sat for long with him talking and hearing some of his views on Quakerism, the history of which he, like many other German thinkers, knew well: there is, however, no need to expect that any propaganda of ours will ever make him a Quaker, although he often comes near to us: he strikes me as typical in many ways of others I have met, with his fine intellectual apprehension, divorced, to a large extent (as indeed is all ours) from a sufficient attempt to put it into practice. I may be wrong in supposing that this is more a German failing than an English one; but it is not unlikely that their keener intellectual training, apart from some of the more physical elements which with us take sometimes too large a share, may incline them to over-estimate the thinking part of the machine at the expense of the practical. The " enlightened " over against " the world " would somewhat represent his standpoint, and he viewed our belief in the possibility of eliminating war from our midst as purely visionary. Happily, he had a saving sense of humour.

In June, 1921, we attended the Conference of the American Feeding Workers in Königstein, a pleasant place high up above Frankfurt a/M. I mention this gathering because of the large Meeting on Sunday morning, held out under the trees where the sunshine came glittering through them and gave light without too much heat. It was a very big gathering, as many local people joined us, and both Rufus Jones and Wilbur K. Thomas from America were with us. I remember that my own part in the speaking was a very small one, but demanded that I should be faithful to what I felt to be my special offering—to speak in German: even a few stumbling words in their own language has much to give to those who are feeling so keenly their subjugation to a foreign yoke: at any rate it got me into touch with one gentleman who was henceforth to help with the feeding. E. K. had become a pacifist since the war, (after having served all through it without questioning its rightness); in consequence, he and his

wife found themselves largely ostracised by their neighbours. He told me that it was difficult to say what that time of worship had been to him; and when I look back and see what a comparatively small beginning it was which brought him into touch with Friends, and think of all that he was and did for the German Yearly Meeting, I do indeed give thanks for that sunny Sunday morning under the trees. He was a Nature Doctor, and did a good deal of healing on modern lines: he was also a keen vegetarian. As much as anyone I ever met he sought to carry out his beliefs in ordinary life, refusing to swear, and treating those who tried to over-reach or harm him with almost quixotic goodwill; yet even so it was some time before he became what one might term a "seasoned" Quaker, seeing that our somewhat sedate manners did not always suit with his eager and impossible views as to what Friends ought to do and be. But he was a very true soul, and we became fast friends, including his wife: their beautiful house was one of my most beloved resting-places when on my tours.

He was an eager worker for the establishment of the German Yearly Meeting, and after its formation supported it with time and money very generously. It was not only his wife and family who mourned his death when, whilst attending the Yearly Meeting in London in 1930, he fell dead in the street not far from Friends House, was carried into the University College Hospital, an unknown accident case, and, in a most unexpected and happy way, was recognised by a Quaker Sister who could make known the news to his relatives. Many English Friends also felt sorely the blank which he left behind him. In his own rather curious way he was a truly devoted soul, and a great asset to the group in Germany.

During the time of which I write, the Meetings in Berlin were growing and becoming more settled, although sometimes smaller than in the first days of public excitement, when perhaps as many as one hundred persons would crowd into the League of Nations' rooms in Unter den Linden, and it was all that our somewhat unaccustomed doorkeepers could do to assist the right ordering of those who knew nothing of what they had come into. After a while we printed a small card of explanation, which was handed to the guests so that they might thereby understand something of what was supposed to

be going on. It was by no means an easy task for the few of us to sit in the middle of a very heterogeneous crowd and endeavour to hold a real Meeting for Worship. The most diverse cranks found it a convenient opportunity for airing their special views, and eldering was all too weak at the beginning to deal with such rank growths. I am always glad that we held on quietly to our belief that people would learn in the end, and as the crowds diminished and the sittings were held in less conspicuous places, sometimes in a Church room or in a schoolroom (one of the most uncomfortable, as it was generally much too big and very unsympathetic, and not always quiet), we gradually did build up a real community: this took much firmer root when, after some years, the office was removed to part of one of the Government houses in the Prinz Louis Ferdinandstrasse, and it was possible to hold week-day gatherings, and, in fact, any kind that we desired. And now that the curtain of war hides everything of that nature from us, we can but trust that those gatherings still continue with some of the attendant social service which for many years has depended on them.

Besides Berlin, little meetings were growing up in various places, although the query of one lady could be answered in an entire negative when she enquired anxiously whether it was true that 50 churches were being built in Berlin for the Quakers. Frankfurt was becoming quite a fine centre, with its own gatherings and relief work, and various English Friends particularly supported it, especially Marion Fox, Helen Dixon, Elizabeth Fox Howard, and Dorothy Henkel, as well as many others. Depots, where the much-impoverished middle-classes could purchase food at low prices, and supplies of extra food for some of those suffering from tuberculosis, were also going at this time; and seeing that in the end of 1931 the food and clothing situation grew worse both in Germany and in Russia, and, as funds grew less in the former, there were many difficult answers to give to those who now looked to the Friends to help them: it had more often to be " No " than " Yes "; and, on one occasion when the former had had to be the reply to repeated appeals, it was touching to find that at least they wanted some of the literature, so that they might have something from the Quakers to give away.

But I must refrain from going into the relief question, as there is so much to say under that head that I could not develop the other side of the picture, especially if I began to relate the disturbing factors of the inflation, the lack of goods and the ever-sinking value of the mark, as well as the difficulties of buying when crowds of foreigners were entering the country in order to buy with their own coinage, thereby ruining the German dealers. These matters naturally affected our work, and the atmosphere in which we strove to approach the people amongst whom we then lived.

Chapter IV.—C.O.'s and No More War.

I MUST rather turn to give more sketches of personalities with whom we came in contact. One day I found myself introduced into a room—I forget where—in which a number of persons were sitting around a reader, and I managed, out of a good deal of other material, to catch the central idea that he was trying to bring out—namely, that of the need for a "Schöpferische Pause" (creative pause) in the curriculum of teaching. I confess that I smiled to myself, and thought it rather nonsense—yes, I went as far as that. But I had to recant mentally when I understood more of what F. K. was driving at. His contention had a good deal of suggestiveness in it, that to give pause for quiet reflection during the time of lessons is a means of giving to the children the opportunity of thinking on their own, or, as he put it, creatively. His book was at one time, I believe, much read and well thought of; but there was in his method something which was probably typical of the German mentality at the time—something of supposing that some small new effort would be the salvation of large areas of thought: I may be wrong, but it seemed to me that there was a certain amount of—shall I say?—hysteria still pretty evident in many persons, in Berlin at least. Possibly I shared in it myself when talking to so many who had very small threads on which to weave their lives.

F. K. and his wife started a home in a rather desolate spot on the Baltic, Prerow; here they took in children from the cities and towns for whom some payment could be made; and

under a somewhat spartan régime, with the very minimum of equipment, some of these frailties improved with the care and bracing climate, gaining many lbs. in the six weeks of their stay. The Baltic was not inviting when I visited them in November, even although fascinating amber is to be found on its shores. Long journeys to and fro in unwarmed trains were not altogether pleasant; but I shall never regret going to that place of sand, mud, and utterly undrinkable water, and entering into the brave effort my friends were making—destined, alas! not to succeed for long as everyone was too poor to pay.

F. K. became a C.O. during his stay in the army. He was one of several whom I met at various times, and the stories of two of them are striking and worthy of record. It was about this time that I met one of them—a journalist. Uncertain at first as to whether he could join the army, he felt that he must help with the dirty work, but soon found that his idealism faded before the reality of army life, and he stood out. He was sent to an asylum, as was done in other cases. I asked him how he managed there to maintain his character of insanity: he said that he spoke to the questioners quite reasonably, and this seemed to them to be insane. For instance, when told to click his heels he said that he could but did not want to do so; or when told that they must get the cannon to Paris he answered that it would be quickest to take the train, and he saw no need for cannon. No clearer comment on the madness of war could be invented, and the authorities were entirely at a loss as to how to deal with him, and so discharged him as " dangerous to discipline '—I saw it marked on his papers.

But the story of J. W. is even more astounding when one remembers what army discipline was in the German Army. Convinced of the wrongfulness of war, he was sent from prison to prison for three years, and remained true to his conscience all the time—an almost incredible feat of spiritual power. When I first heard of him he was living with his wife and children in a suburb of Berlin, and, in fact, dying of his sufferings. When I visited him he was lying in bed in a spotlessly clean, tiny room in one of the cottages of the " Holz Kolonie," and, in spite of his firm belief in the Divine power to heal, one could not but think that he was verging on the other life. His wife had stood by him all through their test-

ings, and had brought up the children mostly by her needle, since she received no assistance from the Army or any other authority. Once, one of the Generals sent for her to come to make him "be reasonable," which, of course, she did not do. Stopping often to cough, and even to spit up blood, he told us something of his story, and with it threw some light on the C.O. question in Germany. He said that he had not done more than quietly and persistently refuse to do military service: at times he was very badly handled; at others the officers and doctors understood his position and did their best to set him free. He passed through the madhouse, as other German C.O's have done. At first men were shot for refusing, but this practice had such a bad effect on the other soldiers that it had to be abandoned by the time he came to take his stand. To begin with, he was put into a prison in Berlin at the top of a tower and guarded by six armed soldiers: before the time came for him to be tried he had so impressed his guards that they said to him: "Get out," and they let him walk out at a time of day when there would be no one to see him. He was free for some time, and then, through the denouncing of a pastor of the Adventists, to which body he belonged, he was recaptured in Hamburg. He had, lying on his bed, a German copy of my "Das Sakrament des Lebens," [1] and this not unnaturally drew me to him. He felt that he had been a Quaker all his life, and in effect he probably had been, or he could hardly have talked in the very simple yet direct way about our ways of looking at deep spiritual values.

Unfortunately, his story is short: through a letter to *The Friend* I received a sum of money which, though not large, was wealth to him and cheered him doubly, since it came from those in other lands who shared his struggle: it was his wife's birthday the day I took out the money, and they were at their last gasp with nothing to fall back upon, owing to his illness ,and she had had to give up the tailoring which she had taken on to support them: he had told her that he felt sure help was coming *that day*, although he knew not whence, and it was small wonder that she broke down completely when I told her the good news. Although he could

[1] The translation of my Swarthmore Lecture, "The Communion of Life."

hardly speak we managed by signs to understand that he wanted to decide what should be the first purchase with the money that I had brought, and it was arranged that beds for the wife and children should take first place. I think it was the next day that he died. I need hardly add that Frau W. became our care until she could make her own arrangements for their livelihood. She joined the Society of Friends, and was a staunch and trustworthy member.

In this connection it may be well to mention the pacifist poet, Ernst Toller, who afterwards came to England. He was at this time still in prison, on account of his connection with the disturbances in Munich directly after the war. It was rather strange to be able to go to a theatre in Berlin and see the play of a man who was still in prison—" Masse Mensch " (" Men in the Mass "). It was an out-and-out pacifist production, and even represented violent revolution as the bastard son of war. The heroine gives up her comfortable middle-class position against her husband's wishes, and throws herself into the mass movement for freedom: in a weak moment she gives way to the desire to further the cause by fighting, and only too late sees her mistake, and then cannot restrain the passions aroused by her own act. In the play the machine-guns rattle, the crowd flees before them, and then an officer with soldiers behind him marches in and takes her prisoner. Finally, she is shot just outside the prison, and one hears the shot only too plainly. This brings to their senses two wretched-looking women, who are left in the cell quarrelling over a bit of bread, and the play closes with their reconciliation. Such were some of the tiny peace elements which I had the good fortune to come across at that time.

There was no need to go to the theatre for sensations of unrest and tension since the air was full of such things. I take, almost at random, from a Berlin Diary of the year 1922 such notices as: " Strike of the Trades' Unions," " Milk delivery stops," " Strike of the city officials," " Tumult in front of the Town Hall—the police use their bayonets," " The Foreign Minister Rathenau shot from a passing motor after leaving his home in Grunewald," " Street fighting in the Centre between Communists and the police," " The editorial staff of the ' Red Banner ' arrested," and all this time the Mark was falling and the lists of thefts, poisonings by gas,

thousands of straying children, demonstrations, drunkenness, and all sorts of other signs of a nation that was utterly distraught inwardly and outwardly as well.

And yet our monthly gatherings, with some short address to start with, continued and were calculated to bring together those who thought on pacifist and idealist lines, or at least those who were willing to discuss them: one on "Internationalism" especially called forth much adverse comment; but even so it was carried on without any bitterness, and this was of value in those days of stress, when bitterness rose to the top all too quickly. It was rather a surprise to me to find that "international" was a word that was often considered to be dangerous: "Well, to think that you have turned international" was a reproach to one of the members of our Berlin Meeting; and once when I spoke about Rathenau's interest in the reconstruction of Europe, I was smartly pulled up by one young fellow, who said that it ought to have been the reconstruction of Germany. There was usually no difficulty in getting people to speak in discussions: it was far more difficult to get any quiet in the constant flow of words, which often indicated the troubled state of mind behind it. This naturally made it sometimes no easy matter to have really settled Meetings for Worship; but then, again, we would be rewarded by a beautiful one with about 80 persons present, and with a short address by Mendelssohn Bartholdy; and then some of us would entertain our guests to lunch—a method of helping in the trying food situation—and perhaps afterwards have another meeting in the evening to hear one of these same guests, or, if need were, to listen to one of our own group. The students were keen on these occasions.

The Quakers were still in the news, and interest was quite lively; but the settling-down stage had not yet begun, and the variety of our contacts had yet to be boiled down into something more stable. I have mentioned Professor Otto in connection with my book: I must also tell of a visit to him at Marburg in January, 1922. After Gertrude Giles and I had spent a very pleasant Christmas at Friedenshort, and visited the little town of Zittau, on the borders of Czechoslovakia, with the Present-Day Christians, and paid another visit to Dr. Buber for a Conference on Education, I reached Marburg to stay with our old friend, Pastor S. Marburg is a delightful

little town, with its spires, Elisabeth Church, and castle crowning the hill, its steep and narrow cobbled streets reminiscent of Clovelly, and its memories of the saintly Elisabeth of Hungary, who did her many deeds of kindness there. I had much interest in meeting many persons kindly invited to see me by Pastor S. and his wife; but the main object of my visit was to talk with the Professor. This was rather an alarming matter ,as I had been asked to see whether there was any likelihood of his joining the Society. He was a great sufferer from malaria, caught somewhere in the East, and his perfectly white hair did not really denote his age of not much more than 50, I believe. His grave courtesy, which at first sight might seem a trifle alarming, did not hinder him from making and enjoying jokes, so that his learning was not overpowering, though it was difficult to imagine how he knew so much about religious and political movements in England. He asked me many questions which I was unable to answer, and I felt that it was I, and not he, who was being inspected, and told him so. I spent some time every day with him whilst I was in Marburg, and we talked long and earnestly, about Friends especially; but I could not say at the end that he was to the manner born, and he himself felt that his place was alongside rather than within our borders. The peace question seemed to him very far removed from clear definition, as, indeed, so many Germans seemed to find: in this I was rather surprised, since his own treatment of the Numinous in his famous book of *The Holy* is on distinctly mystical lines, and demands far more than reasoning to follow it.

Professor Otto himself formed an international, inter-religious body, which people of all creeds and no creeds could join without any pressure put upon them to change their views: all that was desired was that they should work for a world ethic and world understanding. He said that he did not want to found an " Esperanto Religion," but to get all creeds to work together. The present World Fellowship of Faiths started by Sir Francis Younghusband is, probably, pretty much what the Professor had in mind.

In considering the pacifist position in Germany after the last war, as far as it came within my compass, I must here tell of the magnificent " No More War " demonstrations, which raised our hopes so highly in June, 1922. We attended them,

although in Berlin the crowds were so great that we could not hear the speeches. One remarkable feature of the gathering was the enormous predominance of young people, boys and girls in their Wandervogel dress and carrying banners inscribed with the words "Nie wieder Krieg." The statue in front of the late Kaiser's palace was—one might say—adorned with young persons: women were there in large numbers, white-haired men, and, in fact, every section of the population. How many of those young things, with their high ideals and glorious hopes, will now strew the battlefields of Europe and Africa, or have been drowned as their U-boats and aeroplanes have sunk into the sea at Hitler's behest. No! Demonstrations are not enough, however heartening they may be at the time: we must all of us do more than attend them, or speak for peace: the root causes of war lie terribly deep down in our human nature, and none of us can fling reproof at others: a real understanding and practice of the technique of "The White Rabbi of Golgotha"[1] is the only remedy, and none of us has yet got to the bottom of that.

We had felt so much encouraged by the success of the great gatherings in Berlin and elsewhere that we hoped for some hearty recognition of this change of mind from England: alas! it never came in any degree, and depression grew as the Occupation took on more and more the aspect of permanency; the housing question in Western Germany grew fiercer as more houses were needed for the incoming officers, and the many little black and brown babies had to be housed separately from the white war babies. One gentleman told us that he was obliged to seek a fresh home, as his was commandeered by the French, and when he found one and put down his name he learned that 25,000 persons were already on the list. It is difficult to exaggerate the depth of the despair and uneasiness at this time, and probably we Friends, who did know something, even if not enough of it, should have done far more to portray it to our own country than we did, since it might have helped to give pause to the pressure by the Allies, although, of course, we had no definite call to anything like political representations. It must be remembered that the German persistence in enlarging their fleet was

[1] "The Nazarene," by Scholem Asch.

hardly consonant with "No More War," and did not soothe English nerves.

It was certainly not a comfortable economic situation for the ordinary person when the Banks were issuing notes of 4,000,000,000 Marks each: it made it almost impossible to get change for the smaller sums for everyday commodities.

It was in her island home—a small island but large domain on the Rhine, off Wiesbaden—that the Countess S. kindly invited me to come and stay, which I did more than once, and met at her board persons with whom I should otherwise never have come in contact. The rich widow and heiress of one of the vineyards and big industrial houses in the Saar, she had really fine ideas as to the responsibility of owning factories, and of the human lives over which she had such a large control. She did much in the way of education and religious instruction, holding religious meetings herself, and in many ways encouraging the cultural life of those dependent upon her. She was herself a reader, and was much interested in Quakerism, though here again, she never drew close to the small group. Some of these interested persons would have gladly joined the English Society, perhaps partly because it was more settled and well-known than the German Yearly Meeting just struggling into being. For some time there was an arrangement by which persons could be received as members by a Committee of the Council for International Service; but this was only a temporary plan, and was not altogether satisfactory for many reasons. The Countess S. took the trouble to translate into German John William Graham's book "The Faith of a Quaker," and kindly dedicated it to me. We had many discussions on religious subjects, and from her I learnt a good deal of the current views on religion: if some of these enquiring friends of mine were as little drawn to Quakerism as I was to either the Lutheran or the Evangelical Churches, there would not have been much out of which to form a Society. But there were some who did draw nearer, and became the bulwarks of the then emerging group.

There was held this year a rather remarkable gathering arranged by the Adult School in England, together with some German sympathisers, amongst them Dr. E. of Frankfurt, who told me how terribly difficult it was to arrange even the simplest of gatherings, as prices were continually soaring, and

goods were ungetable, owing to the utter depletion of stocks: for many persons this time was one of almost unbearable despair, seeing that the Treaty of Versailles was pressing on every detail of ordinary life with a weight which one well-informed gentleman told me must break into revolution soon: others were not so hopeless, but all suffered, and suicides were still on the increase.

Schloss Brühl was a very fine castle in the Baroque style, not far from Cologne, with a stately park surrounding it; and here about 100 people got together for a week of lectures, expeditions, and fellowship. It was largely supported by F. Merttens, together with George Peverett of the Adult School. There were to have been a German Chairman, Pastor F., and an English one, F. Merttens: at the last moment the latter was too ill to come, and I was called upon to step into the breach. It was not a position for which I was hankering, as it included the translation of the German speeches into English, as Pastor F. had to do the English into German: in the debates, which were pretty lively, one had to be, not only aware of the meaning of the German contributions, but also to do what in one lay to shorten them into something which would not distract the thread of the argument too seriously. I got into some trouble over this, as many of those for whom I was speaking knew enough English to recognise that I was shortening their contributions, and, unfortunately, occasionally misrepresenting them. However, the genial little Pastor was an untold help, and we sat together and managed to keep the motley audience in good humour.

One point that caused us considerable anxiety was the difficulty of keeping the speeches in the debate sufficiently short to allow a fair number of speakers to take part. At one session some came forward and denounced the means which the Chairman had taken to this end of having a five minutes' bell, which they termed "tyrannical, violent, mechanical," etc., and there was a good deal of resistance manifested. However, it all melted away under Pastor F's imperturbable good temper and kindly jokes. I had a good deal of anxiety over this difficulty, as it showed me very clearly how wide is the divergence between our two nations, which it will take all the good will and understanding that we can muster to solve in larger gatherings. The rising demand in Germany (as I

think it was) for a freedom which is not far removed from licence, was the natural result of the coercion which presses so heavily upon them nationally: our freer nation could afford to be less sensitive to small restrictions, knowing the reality of its freedom.

The Schloss was not inhabited, and, consequently, the accommodation was very sketchy in many directions, light, water and such-like conveniences being very scarce. It did not make up entirely for these drawbacks that there was the grand Baroque staircase at which we might often look but never use. The visitors from abroad had very different views on the food from those of the home country, the English saying that it would just do for the time being, whilst the Germans thought it "splendid," since they hardly ever fed so well: one delicate lady was supposed to gain much by having what they called "Quaker feeding," though it was no such thing.

Small as it was in itself, the effort gained importance from the fact that, in a down-trodden country, with bad feeding, an admixture of foreigners in German gatherings was very rarely possible.

At this time our Sunday meetings in Berlin, Frankfurt, and other places were gradually settling down, and there were many calls to speak at all sorts of gatherings, so that it used to seem as if the Friends were doing much to make known their message. At one time a whole body of persons in Charlottenburg, a suburb of Berlin, joined the Society and were admitted to membership *en bloc*: it had to be done in that particular instance, but it did not tend to permanence, and the Meeting there died a natural death from lack of root. It was most educative for us who knew Quakerism as a settled affair to watch how it would take root in other soil.

We found it most necessary to stand back and allow, as far as possible, the new element to grow in its own way. And this, in an atmosphere such as was then in the Republic, was by no means easy, since it meant going through some very excited scenes without much hope of getting anywhere. And all the time the despair and depression wore down the patience and hope of human spirits and bodies, and the brazen sky overhead of the Allied pressure seemed as if it would never give way to anything like a reasonable arrangement. I do not say that everything was done by the conquered to carry out

the Treaty of Versailles; but I can say from my own experience that the hopelessness of the situation did not tend towards reconciling efforts, and the future seemed too black to allow of even a glimmer of light. Probably the English Friends might have done more then to make the despair known, as later on they did much to arouse public opinion.

A fine conference at Elberfeld in the autumn showed signs of very healthy growth in the district. Prohibition, which was much in the air from the American doings, was discussed, and it was said that all the Reparations—even with all the reckless demands which came under that head—could have been paid if alcohol and tobacco had been abandoned by the German public. I do not vouch for the figures. Conferences like this and others did most certainly give us gleams of hope for the beginnings of a really new era in the national life. Whilst the would-be Quakers were meeting in Elberfeld, the Evangelical Churches, under the leadership of Dr. Deissmann, were consulting in Berlin as to the fresh forms which their organisation should take. Into the complicated details of those discussions it would be impossible to go without very considerable knowledge of the many parties then assembled. It may, however, be remarked that the flight of the Kaiser had robbed the German Churches of their authoritative head, and hence some of the difficulties of the situation.

One small matter which was tending towards organisation amongst us was the work of the Berlin Study Group, which was translating the Book of Discipline: it was made first somewhat roughly, and then discussed by the group so as to get the best form in which it could be used by the various local bodies. The time-honoured method was adhered to of not voting and counting by heads, but gradually coming to a united decision, even if it meant at times going into the silence in order to find the deeper meaning instead of just choosing that of one party—the deeper meaning, which included them both.

The autumn of this year was devoted to many visits, some with E. L., one of our personnel in Berlin, sometimes alone, and once with some American Friends. At Riesa I touched the old aristocratic Germany of pre-war days, as the Bürgermeister's wife who invited me had asked the owners of the big Schloss to take me in. I would far rather have been

with the kindly little lady, as the mental atmosphere of the Castle was not sympathetic: of course, it was very courteous, and I enjoyed the old-time beauty as well as the two superb black horses who still drew the Schloss carriage; but my place was with the social workers in the town. Riesa and Gröba, twin small manufacturing towns, were happily busy with making reparations, boats, etc., to be delivered to the Allies; but it looked as if unemployment were at hand. The American feeding had done much here—not least in bringing together for the first time the various classes in these small communities, where, as is well known, class distinctions reign supreme. The Bürgermeister's wife—a deeply religious woman—had won her way with all parties because of her genuine religion. Whilst helping with the child-feeding she had felt convinced that there was something of real worth behind it, and at last resolved to write and ask for a Quaker speaker, in spite of the assurances of the wiseacres that no one would come. She wrote, and one came, and we had a good gathering. I kept up with her for several years and valued her friendship.

It was the ever-present student problem which drew us to Munich to visit our friend, the devoted Padre Fritz Beck, the friendliest and most hard-working of priests, who gave his whole time to the students, and kept us in touch with their needs. I am proud to have been a friend of his, and, through him, an honorary member of the students' organisation. He died by the hand of a Nazi in after years—induced to go out for a drive, he was then done to death by the roadside. The students were always amongst the neediest of the population, as we constantly learned through another of their devoted friends, Dr. Schairer, and there were many plans for keeping them going in a way that proved the strength of the idea that culture must be upheld for the sake of the country itself. Nürnberg, Fürth, Schweinfurth, Eisenach, Guben, and Magdeburg, all came in their turn, and each meant some new aspect of the general food difficulty and the devotion of some persons to the search for better times.

On the way to Schweinfurth [1] we passed through Bamberg, where the grass was growing on its unusued tram-lines, making one feel as if one were some future traveller looking at the remains of a civilisation which had sunk into oblivion.

[1] To be known in 1943 by its terrible destruction.

There was no lack of employment in the busy manufacturing town of Schweinfurth, producing ball-bearings—even old men of 80 were used, whilst women sat with their trays full of little balls which they had to sort into sizes by examining them in an intensely bright light in little finely measured holders into which they put them. It was here that we heard of a very rich lady, now become so poor that she was struggling to keep herself alive by making angels' hair for Christmas trees.

The invitation to Schweinfurth came quite out of the blue. A certain Herr H. happened to be in Munich, heard that we were coming and wrote off to ask us to pay him a visit. It seemed that expense and the shortage of lecturers had hit the town hard. The biggest hall was taken, and 200 to 300 people turned up. The Pastor S. made an admirable Chairman, and we had a good meeting. Much might have been done here, as almost everywhere else we went. We stayed with the pleasant Pastor family, and in spite of our saying that we had food for the journey we found some when we opened our rucksacks after we left: these people *give*. Such details are typical of our visits everywhere.

Perhaps Eisenach was somewhat exceptional, and yet not really so, since the search of the officer M. was highly typical in its difficulty. We seemed to advertise ourselves almost too blatantly, and yet he could not find us for over two years. At last, in a newspaper he found the name of a book, and in the book the London address which finally sent him to the Berlin office. As head of an officers' society he had a hard fight with himself to come to the Quakers, but was driven on by his unsatisfied desire to know what could lie at the back of these unaccountable people. Then he got into touch with a Communist who also felt that there was something to be learned, and this brought the two most unlikely companions together. At another time he found himself waiting for a village train; he got talking with the inhabitants, and such was the interest aroused that he finally found himself reading to the crowd one of the few tracts which he had received from us. But perhaps the strangest of all his experiences was that, when he spoke to his society of officers about this new teaching, they were so much struck by it that they asked him to be their President for another year, over the heads of other aspirants to that office. One might smile at such incongruous

stories were they not only too clearly signs of dire spiritual need which drew such oddities together into the search; and now the military chauvinist was to work with the socialist pastor for the Quaker Conference at Eisenach. Before that met, some of us were " marshalled " by the good officer to a little village some distance away by train; there we were met by the carriage of the local baron and taken to tea with the Pastor and his wife, whilst his three youngsters stood respectfully in the background. Then to a rather dreary room for the gathering, patronised by the Baroness. The clerical element was evidently very nervous as to what might be said, and I fancy that only Herr M's personal influence had succeeded in getting us the invitation; we could sense the atmosphere, very courteous, but distinctly remote. However, we apparently did no harm, as the very cordial invitation to come again indicated.

The evening meeting at Eisenach got down to the roots of pacifism with the mixture of very divers elements present. There was the out-and-out peace working man, the liberal pastor who believed in war, the pale, hard-faced young theologian, who declared that education without the rod was impossible; also the Communist who answered the warlike pastor by saying that he himself believed in force but knew that to do so was certainly not Christian, as well as the Good Templar Wandervogel, with whom I had much conversation afterwards—a very hungry soul. Of course, the good Pastor F. was the life and heart of the gathering, and his wise, firm stand was of immense importance to its success. I could not help wondering then, and often afterwards, when listening to his fine socialist explanations, how he could remain an official in the church which held such very different views. In due time he rectified the matter and became a professor and a Quaker.

Amongst these many visits and gatherings, which were typical of what other Friends in other parts of the country were doing, mention must be made of Stettin. It was a socialist group which invited me, and although I only heard of the invitation in the morning, yet by the evening I found myself wandering through the dark and dirty streets of this big shipping town. The club room where we met about 80 to 100 people was certainly not smart. It was an interesting, if

difficult, audience to which to speak, mostly working class, socialists, communists, and others, very keen and not a scrap of the free literature which I had with me was left over.

In company with some of our American Friends, Alfred and Eleanor Garrett, Agnes Tierney, and Dr. Rotten, I went to Hamburg to become acquainted with the free schools which the still existing Hamburg Republic supported. Herr L. had, together with some other teachers, after a 20 years' struggle, won a place for these schools, the basic idea of which is to give the children almost unlimited freedom; we entered an arithmetic class and found the teacher sitting alongside the children, whilst a small girl stood at the desk and gave out sums of her own invention, all on a particular line; the teacher asked us to find places amongst the children, and hands were held out with welcoming cries of "Here, here." When a difficulty arose the teacher again took her place at the blackboard until things were again smooth, and so it went on with one little teacher after another and the greatest possible keenness amongst the children. It was here that we met H. A. and his wife, the former destined to become the clerk of the German Yearly Meeting; from him we learnt of the difficulties which beset any who wish to join Friends and leave the Church; some thought this latter was unnecessary, perhaps owing to the unpleasant manner of so doing, since it is only possible after giving official notice, and then for two years after that the Church dues are still exacted, and this was not an easy task in those stricken years.

Rostock, near the Ostsee, on the Warnow, I had to visit alone, as the others had more important business at the Hague. My journey thither took me through the largely agricultural state of Mecklenburg, with its great cornlands, owned by rich landlords, some of them of Obotriten, that is, pre-German stock; here one saw eight or nine teams of three horses, ploughing a single field. Then again, the journey from Hamburg showed how much of this coast is broken up into lagoons and sheets of water where the river spreads out into wide channels, so that there is a good harbour which used to be full of English colliers, since the Northumberland coal was cheaper than that from the Ruhr; but the harbour was then empty, the English miners were squatting on their heels and Rostock was freezing; such was one of the results of

Reparations, or what was called doing justice. Rostock was at one time very rich, and before the war built several new schools where kitchens were installed, so that every child should have a bowl of hot soup in the morning recess, whilst the really needy ones had breakfast before lessons began. The American Feeding naturally used the kitchens, and then, although the town was in debt, the feeding still continued without them. H. G., with his wife and tiny unbaptised Rita, were Quakers and lived in a wooden four-roomed flat outside the town. As I sat at tea with them he brought out photos of Knockaloe and James Bailey, and told of his introduction to Quakerism during his imprisonment in the Isle of Man. He was looked upon in all the district round as *The Quaker;* he naturally wished to add to his knowledge of Friends by reading the big volumes of the Rowntree history. He and his fellows were simple working men, and although they held themselves to belong to the Society, I fear that London knew nothing about them. Of course, we held a meeting, and the fact that an acquaintance of Brühl preceded me and spoke on peace, largely from the Quaker standpoint, made it easy for me to follow.

CHAPTER V.—MORE TROUBLE.

THE year 1923 did not open auspiciously for European peace prospects. To the surprise of everyone, save perhaps the diplomats, on January 11th, 1923, General Degoutte marched with 60,000 men into the Ruhr, the pretext being that the debt had not been paid, Reparations, especially coal, were behind time, bankrupt France could not wait any longer and only by military action could things be hurried up. The situation was tense in the extreme; the Allies seemed to be tongue-tied, and in fact it was not until August that Great Britain sent a note to Paris, saying that the occupation was illegal. To read that now seems so ridiculous that it is difficult to think oneself back into that acutely tense time. And so these few thousand armed men found themselves in the midst of an unarmed, but extremely hostile population, and the struggle was not only strange but also

of the utmost moment. The German nation resolved on non-violent opposition, which, be it remarked, like the Indian, is not the reconciling of Christianity but is distinct and stubborn resistance. And so it came to pass that, for months, the French went about the streets of German towns as if they were ghosts, for no one took any notice of them and even the children were taught to act as if they did not see them; posts disappeared except for the initiated, there were no telegrams or telephones working; hardly any trains ran and these were run by French drivers, who could only manage to crawl along with great difficulty; food was terribly scarce and mostly only to be got in secret, and in fact nothing worked. Hundreds of German officials, Directors of Industry, clerks, working men and women were thrown into prison without trial, often for some slight offered to the invaders, who had to try, without the help of those who knew their jobs, to run a recalcitrant nation against its will. On both sides there were individuals who sought to bring some kind of understanding into the situation, and I must turn aside to give just two out of many more that might be related.

One is of a French Captain, who had fought all through the war, feeling that he was doing his duty; since returning to Germany as part of the army of occupation, he had newly become convinced of the truth that to love one's enemies is the only way to conquer them, and he was doing his best to carry out his beliefs, and had thereby gained the good opinion of the surrounding population. Being ordered to take out his men when riot threatened in Essen, his dilemma was intense; prayer taught him the very clever solution of taking out his men *UN*armed, promising the mob at the same time that he would see that they had bread, the lack of which was the cause of the riot. He knew where it was to be obtained, and kept his word and satisfied the hungry. I shall never forget hearing a personal account of that from one of his family.

The other incident does not end happily like this one. At the huge ironworks of Krupps the restlessness amongst the workers was such that it had been arranged that if and when anything happened the big summoning bell would be rung, and then everyone was to gather together in the great open yard. Unfortunately, one day a quite small squad of ten soldiers was ordered to take up a position in the works and

not to come thence unless some higher officer gave the order to retreat. What a scene! the growing anger of the jostling crowd over against the equally growing fear of the small band. Some of the workmen's officials offered a safe pass to the soldiers, but they dared not accept it, and for two terrible hours these officials, of whom my friend D. was one, kept the angry workers back, standing in a line between them and the troops, and meanwhile sending urgent pleas to the army headquarters to remove their men; at last D. was sent off with a more urgent plea, and to this dangerous errand he owed his life; whilst he was gone someone threw a stone, or otherwise crystallised the anger, and the soldiers seeing that they were no longer protected fired point-blank into the helpless crowd, killing many, and, of course, dispersing the rest in biting anger.

It was in February that P. H., at that time working closely with Friends, although not a member, sent an urgent appeal to the Council for International Service suggesting that Friends should do, as was their wont, and visit the prisons, since there was much hardship for the imprisoned Germans. The Meeting for Sufferings approved, and the ever-ready Edith Pye and T. Edmund Harvey were soon on the spot. They spent as much time as they could spare on this errand, and then it was felt that William A. Albright and I should continue the quite unfinished work. He joined me in Holland, and we proceeded to Elberfeld as best we could. There we were glad to find that Homer Morris, of the American Service, was ready to accompany us. We had to go to Düsseldorf, usually 40 minutes away and now only to be reached in two hours, to get the permit from General Degoutte. And here I may remark how very difficult it was to keep what one might call an even keel when the statements from the two sides differed so greatly. At any rate, we could not forget the French views, as they were the masters, and we were thrown into touch with them everywhere, and it would have ruined our hopes of visitation had we got across them, even whilst we had to take note of what was amiss in the prison treatment. With the General we pleaded Friends' custom to visit prisoners in distress, and in the end we came away with permits for each one of us, for the car and for the driver. These were to carry us about 400 miles over all kinds of French and

Belgian frontiers, and not infrequently past astonished prison officials, who would have stopped us had they not feared to oppose the all-powerful General. It is amusing to look back at our various escapes, but they were too nerve-racking at the moment to be amusing, when our whole job might be ruined if we could not persuade the young Belgian soldier who thought he had a good catch when he jumped out of a hedge on a long, straight road near Aix, and felt that something must be very wrong if English people were travelling in an American car driven by a German; somehow we eased his conscience by showing him the word "Friends" printed on the top of a single sheet of paper which I had the good fortune to have in my bag. Again, when the French were much in need of cars and were commandeering all they could lay hands on, on a calm, sunny, Sunday morning, we were hoping to escape and get to Meeting, when a soldier refused to let us pass, and it was only after I had requested to be taken to the officer and had had some pleasant conversation with him, finding out that he had been in England and other personal details, did we thankfully drive away, just in time.

It was interesting to get General Degoutte's views on the situation, Order must be kept, he explained, and the 500 prison places handed over by the Germans was not enough; the Germans claimed that 3,000 were in detention, and the officers who came with "the first invasion," as he styled it, had to bring their families with them, and consequently houses must be commandeered and given up. But the debt was the sorest point, since France was bankrupt, he said, and must have the money. I really do not think he saw any flaw in the argument that he would have lost ten men in the Krupp affair had the troops not fired; he complained that the Germans had killed more of his men during this invasion than he had killed of theirs. Such French as I have, stood me in good stead on these occasions, and indeed throughout the tour, as we had constantly to change from one language to the other. In one place the French Director, who went round the prison with us, was glad for me to speak to the women in German, as he, with his kindly intentions, could not do so. These chats with the General were much to my mind, as they put us wise over the thoughts of the other side from those we were visiting.

He told us to report to him any matters that we felt needed revision.

The great difficulties of our tour were transport and letters to announce our arrival. The General warned us that letters did not go, and advised us to post in the temporary French boxes; we, however, had other views and put them in the German ones, and they usually arrived; we also had in our pockets papers which enabled us to ride in any lorry that was being used by the German postal authorities. And so, one cold April morning, we three set off in an open Ford car, in which it was often too cold to allow of much conversation, and W. A. A. suffered much from lack of room for his sciatic leg, but he never complained.

We visited in all 15 prisons in the Ruhr and neighbouring districts and five further south, going as far as the Palatinate for Landau and Zweibrücken, and we must have seen or spoken to in the mass some hundreds of prisoners, and with over 200 we had spoken personally, taking down their names and addresses, complaints, etc., and in some cases writing to their wives and families. One of the greatest sufferings of these men was that, either their families had been, or were liable to be, turned out of the districts, as many hundreds of Germans were at that time, or they did not know where their people were. Generally, we managed to speak with the men all together to start with, so as to give them some idea of the nature of our visit, that it was distinctly with a view to reconciliation and making the best of the situation; sometimes they knew of Quakers though not of Friends, and were glad to be in touch with them. One very superior man asked at once for information about Quakerism, and wanted books on the subject. Some of the men were merely out for greater comfort, for more fresh air or cleanliness, and some were of the definitely criminal class and had little idealism in their outlook, whilst some felt bitterly that they were suffering unjustly although bearing something for their country.

It was strange as we stepped into a small room in one prison to find ourselves face to face with two or three Directors of big business, who were quite at a loss to understand what their visitors might portend. When they understood, we sat down and chatted very pleasantly with them. On many

occasions of my various prison visiting in England I have found the difficulty of being thus ushered in upon the unfortunate inhabitant of the cell without the smallest introduction, which is of vital importance on such occasions. I shall never forget the fine behaviour of an old Bürgermeister in one place. I was sitting in a doorway in front of a tiny table which the soldiers had kindly rigged up to ease my writing, and the prisoners were ranged in a queue, some not interested and some merely in a hurry to see what they could get for themselves. He stood in his place and spread around him such an atmosphere of good will and courtesy that anyone would have remarked it even without knowing him. I had been asked to see him, and was so struck with his manner that I said I would see him alone after the others had left. He, at least, was quite content, knowing that he had nothing of which to be ashamed, he had done his duty and now could await events calmly, saying that he could read his Bible. I was deeply impressed with the soul which shone through his whole being.

With one very keen, slightly-built Captain we had much talk; at first he could see no reason at all why prisoners should have any exercise in the open-air—he had no proper place for such doings. However, we sat and chatted about many things, and in the end he agreed that we none of us cared to have matters arranged as they were at the moment and it was religion that we all wanted and he would see about the exercise! We often spoke to the men on our peace views and what the C.O's had done and suffered in England, and this latter always interested them, and they often asked for books and permission to read. It was at one little place where we had been unable to send word of our coming that we had a funny reception; it was far away from anywhere in particular, and visitors were hardly known, so that when we descended upon it, as from the blue, the very unexpectedness of our appearance did much first to shut and then to open the door for us. The prisoners were housed in an old castle with a winding stairway, up which we climbed to the top, and there the prisoners were gathered together. We found them deeply interested in what we said to them, and it was pleasant to leave with general good will, so that as we drove away it was not only from the windows all up the castle that the waving hands

could be seen, but from those standing at the door of the very official entrance, whence we had at first been turned away.

At last we could turn our faces homeward again, hoping to reach Elberfeld for the Sunday Meeting. Down the Rhine Valley, then decked in apple and pear blossom, mile after mile, hour after hour, our young driver rattled us along, sometimes at a speed too swift for comfort, but we all wanted to get back for Sunday, he most specially, and at last we reached Vohwinkel, just too late to get through the barricade put up for the night. No entreaties prevailed and not even the fact that we could get no rooms for the night availed to move the guards. To spend the night in a small open car on a cold and rainy night was not attractive, and we turned our faces once more away from home, and at last arrived somewhere where we were taken in. The difficulty of that drive was that it was dark, no lights were allowed on the way, the German signposts had been taken away by the French and theirs only existed on the main roads; we were thankful to arrive somewhere about 1 a.m. and to get decent beds, and the next morning, after many difficulties and one very narrow escape, to reach Elberfeld at last.

Such visiting was undoubtedly valuable in keeping some sort of publicity for the conditions in the prisons, but it was only one chapter of the story of release, which occupied Friends and others for long afterwards. It was not until later, on July 31st, 1925, that the French finally disappeared from the Ruhr, not with any great parade, however, since no one was foolish enough to suppose that they had gained their object. I am not sure of the figures, but I think that the delivery of Reparations had diminished rather than increased owing to the Occupation.

It was not until June, 1923, that I was once more free to accompany W. A. A. on a second visit; it was undoubtedly helpful to have to spend a short time in Paris en route, as it afresh impressed on one the need to have an imaginative sense of French opinion when one is so constantly having the German side presented to one's sole attention. Take one striking instance of the very charming Professor with whom I spent an evening at his home in Paris. It seemed scarcely possible that he should understand Friends' attitude to the peace question when he spoke of the way in which he personally had had to

face two invasions of Paris in his own lifetime. The look on his face almost frightened me, it was so intense; Gertrude Beck and I were trying to get sympathetic adhesion from French persons to an appeal which had just been issued by Friends in England, and one had to be aware that to those who have suffered as he had done, our attitude might well seem too facile and unendurably idealistic rather than realistic.

The realities of the utter disruption of all communications was at any rate thrust upon me when I found that the American Express Co. in Paris could not tell me in the least how to get thence to Elberdeld, and I knew more from my own experiences in April than they did in Paris in June, 1923. So to be sure of getting through I went round by way of Rotterdam, where I met W. A. A. The situation in the Ruhr was decidedly worse than on the former visit; more stations were "dead," as the saying went, prices were higher, and pass regulations were severer, being constantly changed, so that one never knew whether a pass, right on one day, would be valid on the next. General Degoutte averred that he was feeding the population and that as much food came in as before the occupation, whilst the shortage of potatoes and other things made this statement look somewhat difficult of acceptance. It was good to sit in the big hospital at Essen—the Huyssens Stift—and to talk with the saintly Schwester Johanna, who, in spite of her coal troubles and the opposing commands of the opposing Governments, still kept her sweet reasonableness and did much to maintain a spirit of hope. Families were still being turned out with nowhere to go.

General Degoutte would not renew our passports to visit French prisons, as the German Red Cross now had permission to do so, and to this we had to bow, however unhappily, and we could only expect to see those under the Belgians. So we hurried off in the little car to Aix along those straight unending roads, where miles seem to get the traveller hardly any further, since the surrounding country remains almost similar from hour to hour. There was much waiting about to be done ere we got the needed permission to visit, but not the hopeless kind that results in nothing, and we found the Belgian officials friendly and willing to allow us entrance; also it was good to get into touch with the regular Visitor, Frau H. Many of the men here were in solitary confinement, and what impressed

me most was that the cells were of a most unusual kind, with no light and air except what came in through the door, which was of strong wire netting and gave on to a corridor with windows opposite, in some of which vases of flowers stood on the sills. It may be that there was much to recommend this style of internment, but the lack of anything like privacy made one feel that one was looking at beasts in cages rather than at human beings in their rooms, and it certainly struck me as degrading. When the Germans groaned over the lot of their compatriots in prison—and in some the sanitary arrangements were shocking—it had to be pointed out to them that prison conditions were not the result of French villainy but of their own uncared-for buildings. It was good whilst we were in the Ruhr to be able to talk with some of the relatives of the man we had met in Landau, and to greet a young fellow who had just been freed thence, and was very full of his experience there. Other Friends, especially Alfred Lowry, an American Friend, took up the prisoner question and carried it on until at length they were all released.

I have given some very slight idea of what were the conditions of getting in and out of the Ruhr from the South and East, but it was on the return journey from the Conference at Eisenach, of which more anon, that I had experience of attempting to do this from the South-West, with, if possible, even worse conditions than heretofore. Taking Mainz on our way back from Eisenach, in order to visit another prison, we travelled by French trains, mostly at a snail's pace and without any attempt to work the signals. The trains did not run into Mainz but remained on the other side of the Rhine. Three of our Friends from Frankfurt had not been able to get out and come to the Conference, as the regulations had been recently tightened up. One of them, Dr. W., was the sub-librarian of the town library, a keen pacifist and much in need of more Quaker books than he had, as many folk asked for them. Friends had previously sent copies of several such books to public libraries, but evidently these did not suffice for the general hunger in Frankfurt, where the local centre had been doing good work, holding meetings and classes of all sorts under the care of various Friends, Marion Fox, Elisabeth F. Howard, Helen Dixon, Gertrude Giles, and many others.

This prison in Mainz we had not previously visited, but we

found an old friend, the Direktor who had been kind to us on the former occasion, showing a real desire that we should see all his men. Poor man, he, who had so far got on very well with the French officials, had now been ordered to turn out his ill wife, his family, and his 200 prisoners in 24 hours, and his furniture was standing in the street in vans. One would hardly wonder that the good will had turned into hatred, sad as it was. We saw some of the men whom we had visited formerly, and they were as much pleased to see us as we were to see them: they were then happily in German hands again. But the impasse between the two nations still existed, and was even more stringent than ever; it was a matter of real calculation and careful planning even to get a letter across the border. In connection with some representations which we were making about some Belgian refugees to British officials in Coblenz, it was amusing to find one of them saying that he thought the difficulties so great that he doubted our getting to Aix, where, of course, we had already been, but the remark just shows what were the conditions under which people were living in these districts. The disorganisation on the lines in part of the occupied area may be gauged by what I myself saw—namely, tall weeds growing between the railway lines and also in some of the empty trucks, showing how long they had been disused. In one place there were rows and rows of empty trucks, since many of the mines were closed owing to the lack of miners; it seemed as if one were travelling through a dead civilisation. To get from Coblenz to Essen, about 100 miles away, was a very real puzzle; we only got part of the way the first night, next day took a French train to Bonn, thence by German street railway to Cologne, then a short train trip, and the last hour by train to Düsseldorf. Such were some of the amenities of travelling in the occupied area. As there were no hotel rooms to be had, some of our party had to rush about in the rain until they found some private rooms where we could put in for the night, and very odd they were, though still better than none. From Düsseldorf we reached Essen by a French train without much difficulty.

It was only in later years that I was again in a German prison, and this time in Berlin, to see a member of the Friends—E. F.—awaiting his trial for Treason on the

flimsiest of evidence from one single witness, who fell ill as the time for the trial arrived, and this had in consequence to be twice postponed. Happily he was given such a light sentence when at last condemned that he almost immediately came out of prison.

Let me now contrast inside and outside Germany by telling of the Elsinore Conference. At this time it was essential that the reconciliation in one country should be matched by the same efforts in surrounding ones. Not only in Vienna and the Balkans were Friends trying to stretch out the boundaries of good will, but in Denmark especially the barriers were fast coming down. So we in Berlin were asked to send three delegates to the Conference at Elsinore in August of 1923, where various English Friends were also to be present. E. and A. L. and myself were those appointed, and I think I must chronicle how difficult we found it not to overeat in the plenty of Danish food. After a time in the then conditions of the German food situation people became accustomed to eat less than usual, and to come out of that into the real plentitude of the ordinary Danish hospitality had its dangers, if also its attractions. The Conference met in Peter Manniche's High School, which was just getting its roots down and was likely to be of some importance, since it was international as well as run on new educational lines. The students all did a certain amount of farm work every day besides their intellectual studies. The gathering was really international, as there were present beside English and Danes, the originators of it, Germans, Norwegians, Americans, a Turk, and a Jap; it was fortunate that most of the Danes spoke English, and so it was not necessary to go through the dreary round of having everything translated, which sometimes makes these Conferences so wearisome. It certainly was a relief to live for a short time under better outward circumstances and to give our minds to spiritual and intellectual matters, but even these advantages could not wholly take our minds off the increasing trouble in Germany, whence we had come, and with the Mark rising to 22,000,000 to the £ it was impossible not to be constantly anxious for all those we had left behind us and to whom we should soon return. After the summer school we attended the rather moribund Danish Yearly Meeting, which certainly needed to arouse itself to greater activity. This was

the first of the six International Conferences which preceded the World Conference in Philadelphia in 1937.

I paid a second visit to Denmark in the late autumn to speak at various meetings arranged by the English club, who paid all my expenses very generously. English was very much cultivated in Copenhagen, and the language was therefore no difficulty. The Danes, not having been at war, were, as the Germans said, " not wounded in their very roots," and hence could take a more objective view of the post-war situation than was possible in the latter country. It also meant that the former had next to nothing of the peculiar understanding of what suffering means which was so largely ingrained in their neighbours. I had the somewhat unusual privilege of staying with a very interesting pastor and his wife, who were very much of the strict old type of European pietists, very charming and wonderfully thorough in carrying through their beliefs into daily living. I felt not a little astonished and, at the same time, gratified at finding that my host wore that great pleated collar or ruff, which one only expects to see in old pictures. It was very sad to have to put entirely on one side an urgent request from a weighty official in one of the Government offices that Friends would spare some of their workers to come and settle down in his country. I came away spiritually much refreshed by the delightful, simple and pleasant atmosphere in the Pastor's home.

During the year 1923 the German friends of the Friends were gradually drawing together in small groups, and in July it seemed advisable to call a large Conference at Eisenach; some of us knew something of the possibilities there, and our officer friend was willing to be helpful, as well as the ever-ready Pastor F. The Conference was certainly not what we had expected it to be, but notwithstanding it was a great experience. As regards the externals, there was much that was very pleasant; the weather was what it should be, the hotel garden was a fine lung for heated persons, and, of course, the Wartburg, with all its historical association of religious life and struggle, was the right background. But there were also drawbacks. I never longed more for one of our quiet Meeting Houses than when we met for worship or business to the sound of the clatter of knives, forks, and cups, and to have the other hotel guests sitting under our windows with the in-

evitable band was not the best setting for a Quaker gathering; that we did conquer such distractions and have some times of deep communion was no small attainment, and the fact that we were a strangely mixed company of about 300 persons, some of whom had only very sketchy ideas of what a Quaker Meeting should be like, made it more wonderful; for we did not merely call people together to listen to lectures, but we set out with the idea of doing some business by our methods and of combining the floating material into some kind of a fellowship which could be the basis of other gatherings. We desired that interested Germans should be able to call us together again so that we (I speak as one of those closely linked with our German friends, and sharing with them their desire to become independent) need not await any call from the Council for International Service to summon our gatherings—this, of course, quite in accord with that body.

There were some notable addresses, one English and two German. The real crux of the situation was the state of public opinion at the moment, and the relation of Quakerism to public life was a far more stormy subject than most of us had anticipated. One speaker, a C.O. and a sufferer for his pacifism, urged that the Government had not done all it should have done to pay the Reparations and to avert the Ruhr disaster. As the discussion progressed, the atmosphere within the room grew hotter than even that without, and the departure of one or two of the audience was the signal for a burst of indignation, and it seemed to me as if everyone was on their feet at once. It looked as if the uproar would break up the assembly in spite of E. L. as Clerk calling for silence, in a manner indeed unlike an English clerk, but in the end we succeeded in bringing some sort ot order into the proceedings. Added to the excitement within we were aware of that among the hotel guests outside, and they were about to break into the room and silence the speakers themselves, had it not been otherwise accomplished from within. When order was restored they abandoned their idea, remarking as they went away: "They are madder than ever." With some fruitless attempts at renewing the disturbance the meeting held on, mostly in a spirit of prayer with some vocal words: then when it was thought fit to resume the discussion a clever German Doctor came to the rescue and submitted, from his medical

knowledge, that we were all too hot and excited to be able to do any more that evening. Even this had to be quietly got through with some difficulty; that it was done was a far bigger achievement than most English Friends would imagine, and it was only obtained by our all being willing to believe in and act upon the belief that we could only be led into Truth by the Divine Spirit, and that we must be prepared to wait in humility.

After a good Meeting for Worship next day—it being Sunday—we set to work again on the crucial subject and reached a reasonable decision. It was a good sign of the workings of the peaceable spirit that the two main opponents of the previous evening were seen sitting together during that day and that the caretakers, youths of Eisenach, had seen to it that the offending lecturer had got away without obstruction after the session, and this, not on account of excited feelings amongst ourselves, but owing to the animosity of the hotel guests. The last sessions were full of arrangements for forming a Committee to cover the whole of Germany and keep the various groups and individuals together. It was also to draft an answer to the appeal from the London Yearly Meeting. This draft was achieved by Friends' methods, and to our great rejoicing the result was obtained—not by over-ruling objectors, but by finding the best expressions for our common desires: a good document was produced ,and widely distributed.

The common meals would not have satisfied an English group—e.g., a Sunday dinner of one roll, with boiled rice, sprinkled with chocolate powder, or soup, a roll and a little cold shape with fruit. Yet I never heard a complaint. One day, during the meal, an elderly couple were pacing up and down the courtyard near us, and would have had no food at all had not one of the Friends invited them to eat at his expense. So there was still want in Germany.

I have said that the year 1923 began under a cloud for Germany, and it will not be far from the mark if I say that the despair only deepened throughout it; the financial situation was ridiculously hopeless, and I could only admire the steadfastness with which in one after another of the many places and families that I visited the persons were bravely facing the oppressive difficulties of ordinary life. When the

price of milk jumped from 15,000,000 to 30,000,000 Marks in one day, one can imagine somewhat the impossibility of the housewife making her husband's salary (paid daily) suffice for the day's needs. And yet everywhere I was taken in—never being allowed to go to a hotel, which I would gladly have done—and fed to the very best of the possibilities. Travelling about, speaking often day after day on Peace or Quakerism or similar subjects, I had many opportunities of coming into touch with a considerable number of people of very diverse education and ideas.

Mecklenburg, mostly a great plain with very large estates, is very different from some other parts of Germany and seemed to me to be rather out of the world in some ways. It was curious to listen to a Landgerichtsrat telling me how the Revolution took place in the small town of Schwerin; it was formerly a reactionary and court-loving place, he said, and the whole structure fell to pieces like a pack of cards. The postman had told him one morning that a republic had been set up in the night. A few soldiers and sailors from Kiel and Hamburg had come along in motor cars, fired a few shots in the streets, occupied the public buildings and proclaimed a Republic. The Grand Duke, being a kindly sort of person, abdicated and went to live on his estates. So quickly and quietly did this happen that one gentleman travelling from Berlin had not heard anything of what was happening there and arrived in Schwerin to find an entirely new Government in possession. In about a week's time matters in Schwerin were so arranged that ordinary life could go on pretty much as usual, whilst in Berlin the Spartakists were having it all their own way for a time. The palace at Güstrow was now turned into a home for the old and poor under the care of the town, rather pleased to be able to treat their needy citizens so royally.

The Königsberg atmosphere was quite different from that of the Mecklenburg plain country, and the Polish corridor cut it off very seriously from the rest of Germany; the fuss about passports and the shutting of the carriage windows when the train goes through the corridor struck one as very paltry, and we know that it did not indicate any lasting solution of the Polish question. Königsberg looks to Russia, not to France, and stories of the war told of escape from the onflowing Rus-

sian army and the difficulty of reaching more western places of safety. Here I was, as so often, impressed with the dogged "will to live" of these people, for the poverty here is even worse in some ways than that in Berlin, and some welfare workers had given up altogether owing to lack of any means for giving assistance to the poor, whilst others held on somehow. On the thin stretch of sandy soil which encloses one of the big "Haffs," the lagunes which run along this amber-producing coast, the only occupations were fishing and timber cutting, and the soil was so poor that it would not grow any food, so that the distress of the inhabitants was terrible, especially as their wages were so low that they could not buy enough food at the then prices.

It was in Königsberg that I came into touch with a rather unusual group of about 150 persons who had been drawn together by the influence of a certain Pastor Rupp, who, in 1846, drew a congregation around him on the basis of a freer theology than was habitual in the Church; for instance, he would not use the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian creed. I joined with some of these persons in a confirmation service, after we had had a Friends Meeting for Worship in their building. They considered themselves to be almost Friends, and would have quite readily accepted membership with us: this, however, would not in the least solve their real difficulty, which is that—in spite of much religious freedom—they cannot do without a minister and have none at present, the members taking his duties in turn. This Free Religious Group does not seem able to attain that strong group communion with the Spirit which they evidently so sorely need.

As I have said, the political situation was most unsettled and the Streseman Cabinet fell in the autumn, owing to internal strife over the question of the nine hours' day, and the coalition gained more power. Considering the difficult attitude of France, it was very cheering to be at a great meeting in Berlin where Barbusse, I believe the first Frenchman to speak publicly in French, talked for about twenty minutes to a Communist and Socialist gathering held in a big brewery hall; I was a trifle nervous beforehand, as no one could say whether there would be disturbance or not; he was carried into the meeting shoulder high whilst the audience shouted: "Barbusse, Barbusse." Happily, it all went off quietly.

Perhaps one might characterise 1924 as still in the depths of despair, but with this slight difference, that there began to be a glimmer of hope that things might improve [1] owing to the stabilisation of the Mark in 1923.

I must here allow myself to give one among many details of the still existing need which was known to me. In a Home for the Destitute in Berlin there was at one time a lawyer with his family; he used to live very comfortably, and then, in the despair after the war, realised his assets for 1,000,000 Marks. When the Mark slumped, this sum would not even buy a loaf of bread. The dead weight of masses of persons in like helpless misery had, somehow or other, to be dragged along by the German nation for many years to come.

From my own very small knowledge it seemed to me that outside Germany there was a good deal of supposition that by now she ought to be getting somewhat out of the wood, and that it was no longer necessary to pay so much attention to her misery; my observations, however, went to establish the fact that that misery was still of an intense degree, and this not with the smallest intention of exaggeration, indeed that would have been impossible. From Königsberg in the far East, to Stuttgart, and the Saar on the French border, by Crefeld close to the Dutch frontier, in tiny little towns like Pössneck on the Saale or the geologically interesting Leopoldshall not far from Magdeburg, and to the Children's homes in that city made in the old fortifications, or the camp of the White Russians in Wunsdorf, I came across persons of all sections of the people, and could thus weigh up one piece of information with another. And yet it would be rash to say that my information was sufficient, and it can only be put down here, for what it is worth, as purely personal observations.

Let us take Dresden as an instance of the need, not a very poor city, nor burdened with an industrial population: it was the middle-class which here suffered so deeply, and the Depots which Friends had started under Dorothy Henkel and Margaret Brown certainly filled a gap in the otherwise careful dispositions of the city for relief, and the authorities were

[1] Gooch, "Germany," p. 275, says of it: From an ecnoomic point of view the year 1924 closed with a broadening belt of light in the sky." Alas! it was very temporary.

most anxious to give every help they could to the arrangements. The parcels of food came from London and were distributed by our workers to those who had received invitations previously sent round. The group of Germans who helped the two English ladies were very keen to distribute in the Quaker spirit, and I had a meeting with them to give them a little idea of what that spirit was; they were glad to think that it did not necessitate leaving their own religious body, and were evidently impressed with what they might do in the way of reconciliation. It is strange sometimes to find the kind of persons who are explaining to others what the Quaker "Geist" is; one of the welfare workers who took me round to see various institutions showed me a letter from a lady who could not accept the invitation from her enemies, so he had said that he should call on her and explain what the Quakers were! It was indeed distressing to be in the sale of clothing which took place occasionally; the emotional atmosphere was so tense that all one could do was to talk to anyone who would listen in such a way as to prevent the overflow of tears which were all too near the surface. "I am so run down," one lady said to me, "that I cannot help it," and she would be typical of hundreds of others. What opportunities for reconciling words and thoughts such need calls forth.

This sore need of the middle classes was perhaps seen in its most naked aspect when one visited the splendid public hall in the Rathaus, with an arctic temperature, set aside for the reception of articles of every description which the owners desired to sell; this was done by the city itself, and a more pathetic exhibition one could not find anywhere; here were all signs of private affection set out for public sale because the owners could no longer afford to keep anything which had a money value, however precious it might be to them. Evidently Dresden was fully alive to the need of its inhabitants, and merely to list the institutions which I visited in two days would be enough to suggest its welfare activity and, alas! too, to indicate its dire distress. Homes for destitute children, for boys to be trained in crafts, homes for unmarried old ladies, for old people, sewing rooms for those who had practically hardly anything in the way of either food or clothing, and so on, and so on. But I can neither describe all these nor the various private calls I made where one felt it was almost an

insult to face such utter need with one's own well-fed, well-clothed person. If, as I have said, the stabilisation of the Mark at the end of 1923 was some little alleviation, and the clouds seemed lifting a bit, still a wise friend of mine thought the position almost hopeless. "All the fault of the Allies," Germany was saying. But he was shrewd enough to see another factor in the situation: "She, Germany, seems to have taken all the wrong turnings for some years past," he said, but he thought 1924 would bring a gleam of light, though he could hardly tell why.

For students, always among the neediest, help was now largely centred in the fine institution in Dresden, which owed its existence very largely to the efforts of Dr. S., always the steadfast friend and guide to these strugglers. Here were arrangements for feeding and clothing, for lending money at times of special difficulty, as well as cultural advice and support. Big landowners and industrialists, as well as some foreign countries, lent their aid, and the fact that help given was almost entirely on loan made the institution largely self-supporting.

Not long before the time of which I write there had been a "Putsch" in Munich led by Ludendorff and Hitler: it had failed, but agitators amongst the students had endeavoured to unite the two extremes so that the Communists would have joined with the Royalists to begin shooting in the streets; there had been a big and noisy meeting in the University, and the man who had the courage to stand up and protest under all sorts of opposition was the rather timid little Catholic priest, secretary of the Student Help, Fritz Beck, whom we all knew and loved. I had always felt him to be a man with a very deep religious life, but I should not have expected him to come forward in this way and to follow it up with two strong signed articles in the Press the next day. This action probably saved the situation for the moment, and it was interesting to hear that he himself seemed to have won a certain freedom and power since making what must have been so great an effort. Later on, as I have said, he died by Nazi hands.

Hitler was as yet only a rising luminary, and the ending of the "Putsch" had cleared the air for the time being, and the Munich trials, which were a travesty of justice, had let

the criminals down so carefully that there was temporary quiet, but the public temper was most uncertain, and outbursts might easily occur. The French occupation still continued, and travelling across the borders was almost comic. The French officials declined to know anything of Hush (Höchst), as they called it, until told that it was in the occupied area, but they were kind in letting me get seven dresses in on my way to Frankfurt and Königstein, which were designed for our relief work. "She is an old lady," was the kindly remark in excuse. Frankfurt is the shopping centre for places like Königstein, and the customs at that border are specially annoying to shoppers. I heard one amusing episode of the trouble; a carriage full of Königsteiners returning home; the train stops and the customs official enters. "There is a great smell of coffee here, there must be some in the carriage and if it is not declared I shall keep all the occupants." Complete silence until the gentleman in one corner says he thinks that he saw some with the lady in the opposite corner; true enough, and the poor dame had to get out and pay I know not what, but at least the rest of the company could go on in peace. The frontier passed, the gentleman was pretty frankly told that it was most ungallant of him to denounce a strange lady, and it seemed even worse when he quietly said it was his wife, until he explained that she had one pound of the precious drink, but that he had eleven lbs. with him!

To travel from Berlin to Essen was certainly better than it had been, and this was six years after the war, but even so one could not get a ticket right through, and at Dortmund one had to get it in French money, and submit to being attacked in the waiting crowd by a not very pleasant-looking female and felt all over without even a by-your-leave. As I had a returning Ruhr child with me to hand over to her mother, it was rather nightmarish to get all her bundles and parcels of toys and clothes got together with pins and strings after the search, so that it was long ere the anxiously awaiting mother had her child safely handed over. The prisoner question was still very complicated. On this visit I learned that there was increased severity for political offences and there was also increased demand for lodging for officers and their families, 980 officers and 500 subalterns having newly arrived, and of

the 2,400 who were resident in Essen, 2,000 had their families with them. Be it remembered that English officers had also taken their families with them, and ridiculous prices were sometimes charged for their accommodation; in one case, I believe, the entire remodelling of some ancient castle was required.

Our Berlin monthly Meeting took a great interest in the visitation of prisoners and in prison reform, and we had several members who did good work on these lines. It became known to this group that the young poet Ernst Toller, who had been in prison for five years in consequence of the part he played during the Eisner troubles, was released; he was likely to get a good deal of help, as many knew his plays and sympathised with him, but the other and less well-known men who had also been released would not find it easy to make their way after so many years of isolation. The Group arranged for a lecture from the Director of one of the neighbouring prisons, and he made it clear that there was much done in the way of amenities for the interned, such as music bands, and he remarked that he was much sterner as a choirmaster than as a Director.

It was from Essen that I went on to visit a small group in Crefeld going by tram an hour's ride across the great level of the Rhine Valley. This group had gathered round two men, a Catholic teacher and a Mennonite Pastor; there were about 50 persons present at the gathering, many of them very young men. The connection between Friends and the Mennonite Church went back to the days of Penn, when thirteen of the families from this Church went over to him in America. I think that our comradeship was sealed when Pastor C. read some words of Goethe about a Quaker, and on my asking the name, which I already suspected, I was able to say " He was my great grandfather."

Crefeld with its silk industries is the Lyons of Germany, and it has its very rich and its very poor, who hardly come in contact with one another; but I heard less of distress there than elsewhere, partly probably because my time was short and partly owing to the fact that the Group was more interested in discussing Quakerism than in economic conditions. Crefeld was only one and a half hours by train from the Dutch border, and a Dutchman was one of our number; it is

possible that the nearness of another country somewhat eased the sense of isolation which was so serious in some parts of Germany.

Later on I visited this group again, and found that it was strengthening its position, if not growing in numbers. The Catholic teacher, Wm. Hubben, had left that Church and come out definitely as a Quaker, having applied to London for membership. This was a very courageous act at such a time, and it is pleasant to record that his path as a Quaker did in the end lead him to The States, where he could practise his profession as teacher and writer without molestation. His first step was not without its difficulties, as his Catholic Director refused to allow him a day off to attend the Friends' Conference at Cassel; happily for Hubben, a Cardinal happened to visit the school in the interval and leave was given for a day's holiday to kiss His Eminence's hand; whereupon the undaunted Hubben boldly asked again to go to Cassel and received permission. By this time his Director had become interested in the Quakers, and even read some of the literature which had been published, and was so eager to hear all details of the Cassel gathering that he had to wait until the holiday time in order to hear it sufficiently in detail; he remarked that our methods were most interesting, but he could not imagine how the body was held together without more leaders and forms.

The Crefelders met in a small room behind the shop where our books and pamphlets were on sale, and there we had a very refreshing and profound time of worship for about 20 minutes and then Hubben gave us an account of the Conference; it was good to hear such from the German point of view. He was so much impressed with the Sunday morning Meeting that he could not give any description of it, and so much stirred by what he had experienced that he insisted that one member of their group must always be enabled to attend the Yearly Meeting. I was just a trifle astonished to hear that the existence of a Yearly Meeting was so sure, and it encouraged me to go forward in the hope of its becoming a fact.

I do admire these little groups who stood for something new and full of hope in a generation which so often seemed to have lost even the endeavour to move forward. One of the Group told me as we trudged to her home in pouring rain,

along one of those roads which have no characteristic but length—that it was very hard to hold on to the belief in international good-will when one was so sorely burdened with the daily pressure of the Occupation, and that merely to have someone from outside to visit them made it easier to hold on. She was a teacher and knew the conditions and the suffering; in one case she said that the money which used to keep a whole family would now be only worth one shoe and was not worth fetching from the bank. On the Sunday we held a public peace meeting in a large hall, the first in the district and not particularly well staged, but it aroused a good deal of local interest.

It was about that time that a call came to us to visit Holzminden, near Paderborn: a certain Dr. B. had somehow got on our track and asked for a visit, so that one day I found myself wandering about the little Weser town surrounded by its forest-covered hills, looking for the house of a schoolmaster, for I had lost the minute paper with directions on it. The search duly ended, I found a very friendly group which had organised an evening gathering in a large school hall; there were about 200 persons present, most of them young. It seems that the question of peace (my title was "Freiheit und Friede") was a burning one in the town since there had already been sufficient propaganda to arouse antagonist sentiment. This was in evidence during the discussion when a former school Director, pushed up by his wife, raised the temperature of the gathering by the repetition of what one so often heard, that Germans were the most peaceable of people and would do anything if only other people treated them reasonably, etc., etc. This brought another gentleman to his feet on the opposite side *and* the former left the room with his attendant ladies from the very front seats. Dr. B. was a very good chairman and kept things from becoming at all serious, but from what I heard later I imagine that the incident would serve Holzminden for some time as a subject of conversation.

What interested me especially was a visit to a large school in the neighbourhood, high up outside the town, run very much on Bedales lines, with boys and girls together. It is a boarding school, and there is much attention given to hobbies and free work, so that one might almost have been in a

Friends' school; this is, of course, far more unusual than in England, as there is a strong feeling that children ought to be under the home roof and go to day-schools, and consequently there are very few of the former institutions and few people can afford to send their children to them. One of the teachers had been in Ruhleben during the war and as an Englishman by birth, a missionary's son, although not by sentiment, had not had a very pleasant time there; he, with 200 others, was called a P.G. (pro-German), and at first they got no help from either side; he eventually changed his nationality. Such were some of the small incidents which go to make up my picture of a Germany trying to climb back to normality in 1924.

I have spoken of one unusual form of education, and I must also mention another one for poor children. This was established close to Magdeburg in one of the old forts which used to surround the town; trees had been planted about them and one is used to give the town children holiday camps. Here they received three good meals a day, and were occupied by willing helpers in singing, dancing, or other amusements, whilst the delicate ones lay on lounge chairs provided for them. There was a little group of Friends in the town, and one of them was the moving spirit of this fine bit of social work. The children clambered up on to the now-grass-covered walls as we drove with the Mayor in his motor into the open space within them and visited the great cellar-like building once used for munitions and then the storehouse for food, etc., for the ailing children. From the first, the German Friends had seen that their membership in the Society meant more than merely quietism, and that they must bestir themselves to see what their work ought to be. Later on Gertrude Giles lived here for a time and did much to build up the social work and the group.

I must now relate something of the very significant Conference held at Cassel. By this time the Quaker Group had become sufficiently self-conscious and independent to want to give consideration to the forms which it should assume, and those who had watched its growth thus far were sensible that this was in right ordering. Although we suffered at times from long discourses which relieved the individual rather than assisted the group, yet there were some speeches of real worth.

Some German friends and Carl Heath all took good part; Z., of Rostock, spoke heatedly of the distressing economic situation, complained of the capitalists, and referred to the oft-recurring question as to whether it was best to stay in the Church and reform from within or to come out boldly. The 170 who met came from very diverse classes, places, and nations, and the search to find fitting expressions for this mixture was greatly helped by the beautiful surroundings of the Sanatorium, high up in the beech woods where the little Dr. R. made us very welcome and delighted a few favoured ones by his fine music and singing. One or two working men appealed to Friends to help them in their especial difficulties, and one member told how very sad it had been for him when his child died, as no pastor would attend the burial and he had been obliged to say something himself as they had stood round the grave.

Various Committees were set up together with an Executive, on which the whole Conference seemed to be desirous of sitting. The common work with all its diverse temperaments and views was a real joy, and it was difficult to say good-bye after the beautiful music which closed the Sunday evening Meeting. It was a privilege to have the fine park at hand for recreation; it belonged to the neighbouring Schloss, and was at one time much frequented by the late Emperor and Empress; it is now open to the public, with its flower-beds and pools, its wonderful views down to the city and up to the heights, crowned, alas! by the huge statue of Hercules in very bad taste.

After the Conference, Anna Burley, an English Friend of German origin, and consequently one of much value to the young groups, and I passed on to Bielefeld to visit a very tiny circle, as yet untouched by any foreign visitant. Here teachers were to the fore and we had very pleasant intercourse with several of them, being kindly asked to share their meals and to sit out one evening under an old lime tree in an old garden, whence we could look across the dip of the pass in the Teutoburgerwald towards the fine towers crowning the opposite height. The meeting which we were to address was arranged in one of the stately rooms of the comparatively new Rathaus by a pacifist working man, who was one of the Councillors. Though we understood that the gathering was not

public, yet still reporters were present, and a good report appeared in one of the papers, and we were told that the Editor would like to receive more of our literature. One or two Teachers, a few Sisters, and some working men made up the audience of about 30; the discussion was lively, to the point, and held late, and a study group was agreed upon. One of the working men had long desired to become a member of the London Yearly Meeting, and he and his wife told me how eagerly they desired it because it would give them standing with the authorities in respect of their wish not to have their two girls confirmed. This confirmation question will require wise handling if it is not to become merely an obstructionist position.

This was a good opportunity to visit the far-famed Institution of Pastor von Bodelschwingh at Bethel in the neighbourhood. It is marvellous how the original effort of taking epileptics into families has developed into an enormous complex of buildings and undertakings; one might describe the variety in short by saying that almost nobody and certainly no material, however useless, is rejected, and when the impossible men and women are matched with the impossible material by way of sorting, there does come out of it all much that is of great value in men and materials that are of some sort of use to themselves and others.

A second visit to Königsberg with Henry Harris, an English Friend visiting Germany, added greatly to my knowledge of the local group, which had grown considerably by the addition of some Friends, the L's, who had come from the west, he being removed by the railway of which he was an official: they, with their two boys, were destined to find much scope for their zeal and devotion on the eastern borders of Germany. In the provinces of Ost and West Preussen the Nationalists had at this time a strong hold on the rural population, and it was expected that they would make difficulty in the Reichstag over the Dawes Report. This district suffered greatly in the beginning of the war, and the Russians were already besieging the outer forts of the city when they were driven off. Here one saw postcards of the Russian devastation; pictures, too, of the houses rebuilt, with German promptness, during the war. One heard stories like that of my host, who, being sent to hold an important junction, did so with one tele-

graphist, after having allowed all the married men to get away. These two escaped the entirely enveloping Russians only because these latter supposed that so valuable a point must be guarded by a large force of soldiers. The first time that the Russians entered the country they behaved very well, as armies go. One lady who stayed behind on some property after her husband's escape was not ill-treated, although some things were taken from her, amongst them her watch: the commanding officer not only returned it to her but had out in front of the troops the man who had taken it, hung a card round his neck with the inscription "I am a thief," and obliged him to march with this decoration. Probably it never struck the officer that he himself was only an official thief. The second time that the Russians invaded this part they were quite different, wild and doing horrible things, shooting all the men in one village in the sight of their wives. They swept over the country very rapidly, but were finally shattered at Tannenberg, and then the straggling fugitives were trapped in the meshes of the beautiful, but for them hopeless country of the Masuren lakes and forests. One of the Königsberg group was a Masur, and spoke rather odd German: he came from parents who spoke only Polish.

The group consisted of a few families with one or two children, a few young men and some unmarried women. F. L. was the Garden Councillor of the city, and was greatly interested in the Schrebergärten, as Allotments are called, after their Dresden originator. These belonged to the city: they had security of holding, and were sufficiently large to supply a family of six persons with all the vegetables that they needed. When F. L. took up this work there were 200 gardens, and by this year, 1924, they numbered 20,000—about one-third of the whole population of the town. It seemed that formerly the Town Council held large properties outside the city. These were sold and bought back during a time of despair, when it seemed useless for people to buy ground: after the Revolution many persons took fright and willingly sold their property, which was then so advantageously used for the common good. There was also a beautiful town garden, full of a great variety of trees and plants, from which the schools were daily supplied with specimens for class use. We visited this on a hot Sunday morning, and I think

it was here that the allotments were part of this public garden, the huts being painted in the most brilliant colours.

It was through the League of Christian Socialists that the two L's came in touch with Friends. The former body started out with groups all over Germany, trying to get the Churches to take seriously the matter of war and social organisation—an excellent idea, but seeing that there was little except lip homage to the teachings of Jesus the Christianity seemed to be rather lacking. F. L. had suggested to their general gathering in session that they should go over in a body to Friends: if we English Friends had given more thought and service to the social question we might have been more helpful to our German comrades. Alas! we failed to do this, and have since become all too conscious of our sin in this matter.

Here, too, as in Magdeburg and Leopoldshall, the children were being fed and educated during the holidays. In twelve open squares and places 4,000 of the needy children who could not leave the city were fed with Quaker food, and then helped to play by the teachers, who gave up their holidays to oversee it all. A small number of the still needier ones were taken out every day by special trams to camp in the garden of the Art Academy—not exactly welcomed by either professors or students, but still well looked after, and happy with their Quaker breakfast.

If Königsberg made one think of Russia, even more so did the Russian Camp at Wünsdorf, where the flotsam and jetsam of war were all too evident. It lay about an hour's journey due south of Berlin, in the sort of "indiscriminate country" of which there is so much in the districts surrounding the city. At one time the Camp was filled with thousands of Tartars, for whom a Mosque was built—still there—and where the few remaining Tartars still worshipped. Since some time in 1919 it had been the abode of Russians, mostly officers from the Tzarist Army, together with their families. At first, the German Government had kept them, but since the Bolsheviks would not allow them to return after the war, as the Germans desired—these derelict persons had hardly any means of support other than what they themselves could obtain by their handiwork. For some time the Berlin shops took the white work of the women and the lacquer articles of the men, painted in the true Russian style with the regulation

bird, though not with the true varnish which in Russia makes these wooden bowls, etc., quite impervious to boiling water: finally, the shops would hardly take any more needlework—a fact which pointed to the need of both sides. The German Government at last wrote off the heavy debts under which they had been suffering, and American Friends did their best to help the people to make their handicrafts self-supporting. They had not made the best use of what ground they had, and it looked as if they had not been inclined to turn to this hard work, but preferred the—to them—more interesting artistic efforts. I shall never forget the pathetically odd story which one of them told me as he stood at the window of a dark little barrack-room.

An officer in the Russian Army, taken prisoner by the Germans in 1917, he was set free by the English and got to Cologne, where he described himself as the guest of the English King! He and his comrades had free board and lodging, free seats in the theatre, and were finally sent free to England, where they were encamped at Newmarket, and were provided with English uniforms, with a small band of the Russian colours on the shoulder. After some training here they were sent round by the Mediterranean and India (sic), and finally landed at Vladivostock, whence they were to make their way, find their men—they being only officers—and join Koltchak to fight against their own countrymen. By the time that this group of several hundreds arrived, Koltchak had disappeared, and their second objective (Wrangel) was also not to be found, so they drifted to Greece: here they managed to get passes to Italy by playing one official against another, and, after some like doings in Rome, they finally landed back in Germany, where they had, at first, meant to stay, having been promised all sorts of good things if they would fight against the Bolsheviks. None of these promises had helped them, and they were in an almost hopeless condition, and would have been even worse, had not Mary Hannum and some other American Friends for years past been arranging for the sale of their industries in the United States and Berlin.

Unemployment was a very serious matter, as one found everywhere. It was emphasised to me by the very pleasant lady who supervised some 70,000 women clerks; in the last eight months she had had to dismiss 15,000 of them, and said

that hundreds of thousands of men had also to go. The Reich's Committee, which supervised these dismissals, did its best to mitigate the hardships, but could not do much under the circumstances. The hardships of unemployment were embittered by the sense of being shut in without the possibility of escaping to the outer world. The quotas for persons from Central Europe to America were constantly being readjusted, mostly on the side of allowing fewer immigrants, so that even those who could get passports often had to wait for months, and perhaps years, before they could hope to get away.

The continuing pressure in the occupied areas made for very bad feeling. So keen were the Deputies for those districts to have almost anything arranged which would get the French out that the Nationalists, who had all along spoken fiercely against the London Pact, were in straits owing to this division of their forces. The Right, of course, were for not giving in; but then they had not the urgency in mind which made the occupied area population unwilling to hear of anything else. Marx put it rather neatly in the Reichstag by saying "The Nationalists in French and German Chambers are just throwing the ball to one another."

No! There was no work, not even for Fräulein Barclay de Tolly: that name made me take a special interest in this fresh applicant for work. Could this Baltic refugee be any relation of the great Quaker Apologist? Yet so it was, according to her story. Whether or not her dates would be found to be quite exact I could not say. The three brothers of the Apologist went to Rostock and settled there, later passing on to Russia; and she averred that a descendant of one of them was one of the Generals who conquered Napoleon. She herself was born in Petrograd of rich parents, went to Riga to companionate the daughter of another rich man, and there was caught in the war. She broke down as she told me how her mother and brothers had died of starvation in Petrograd. She was then trying to support herself and the aged lady by looking after an ill gentleman who was likely soon to be well and not needing her services. How to help such cases was indeed a heavy burden, and there was but little that could be done, with unemployment in full tide both in Germany and England.

A few details about some of the small groups visited will be of interest. First, Cologne. A night journey brought me there early in the morning, and I was not a little anxious as to how to find my unknown host. This, happily, I soon did, and met the kindly A. J., the working-man secretary of the Quaker group. He took me to his very small flat in Klettenberg, a suburb of Cologne, where I stayed for the night. I do not know whether or where he and his wife and two children slept, for I am convinced that I had the only bedroom, and that seemed to give on to the kitchen. They were only too thoughtful for my comfort, rough though the entertainment might be. A. J. served for twelve years in the Army in order to get the good civil post offered to those who did so, as a bait to keep them in the Army as long as possible: it is no wonder that the civil service had a military flavour!

The Cologne group was small, with a Sunday Meeting once a fortnight, and the members earnestly striving for a fuller group life. They arranged two evening meetings for me, one a public one and one more private for a smaller number. Arnold Eliott, a visiting English Friend from Essen, joined me, and I was very glad of his help, he making his first speech in German for the occasion. These gatherings, often arranged by quite inexperienced persons with a Chairman unaccustomed to keeping the meeting together, or to control the too great length of speeches, were not easy to address, but I believe that much seed may be sown by them which would not be done in more regular gatherings. The meeting for teachers and parents could not well have been held under more discouraging conditions. It was, as usual, a wet night: the room was a cellar-like one in a big school, and the only available seats were high stools or tables. Perhaps if one of the teachers had not spoken twice at great length we might have done better: as it was, I had to leave before he could be got to stop.

Or, again, take Siegen, a very old city high up in the valley of the Sieg in Siegerland, in South Westphalia. Letters about my coming had been lost, and so I could not speak there in the evening, but managed to get a few hours with the peace workers by going to and fro to Cologne in the day. Siegerland is refreshing to those who have been spending time in the dull alluvial plains of North Germany, because the

strata here give a variety of hills and valleys which were a joy to see, especially as there were faint glimpses of sun now and then in that all-too-wet summer. Alas! the corn stooks were often standing in water, or else one could see even from the train how green was growing all over them, so that much of the crop would be lost for human food. It seemed as if the potatoes could be saved if there were anything like fine weather soon. Siegerland ran great danger of being occupied by the French at the same time as the Ruhr, seeing that it was one of the most productive districts for iron: lead, copper, and silver were also to be found there, and it was a thoroughly industrial region. Here, again, lack of work had done its worst. A remarkably pious place, with all kinds of sects represented, it was like some others of this type—very reactionary and military. Ludendorff had not long before received the freedom of Siegen, which was very proud of its antiquity and had lately celebrated the seven hundredth anniversary of its founding. It was stony ground for peace propaganda, although my friends told me that the miners would be very ready to listen to such talk. They begged me to return, promising me an audience of 2,000 if I would only fix the date—" Which month will it be? " " When will you come? " " Can't you decide now? " and so forth.

The meeting was held in the pleasant little home of the President of the Peace Society, which was outside the town. We discussed the various streams of the German Peace Movement. There were two very distinct ones—those who followed the aged Quidde, and those who swore by Förster. It was not easy to see how these two divergent streams were going to be joined together peaceably! Such was the irony of the situation. The President kindly fed us after the meeting, and the poor wife and child had to await our departure before feeding themselves. Then with a terrible rush through muddy lanes, up the steep street into the picturesque old town and down again, steeper still, a veritable race against time, until four of us tumbled, breathless, into the last train which would land me in Cologne in time for the evening meeting there. My companions had to leave me soon on their way to Hamm—not the big one in Central Westphalia, but a tiny hamlet in the neighbourhood, and next day I had to go south in order to be present at the first public meeting in

Königstein, held in the K 's beautiful big dining-room, where about 50 persons met together. It was a remarkable gathering, which perhaps got its chief importance from the fact that the Protestant Pastor had preached against its being held just before it was to take place. But this visit to Königstein was remarkable in that we heard one day, whilst I was staying there: " Last night at 12 p.m. the frontiers were opened ": so no more special passports, and the French soldiers stood idly where they had formerly barred the way, and were obliged to declare their impotence to those not already informed that their day was over.

To sum up the Quaker position at the end of 1924, it may be noted that there were about twelve groups of a fairly substantial nature: the Verlag (i.e., the publishing department) was getting to work and aspiring to be more independent of foreign Friends, even dreaming of being self-supporting in a few years' time. The Berlin Centre had been closed down, and the work was now divided between the International Committee at Dorotheenstrasse and the Bund—a league of Friends and friends of the Friends, which had its office elsewhere. The sore need at the beginning of the year which had required the continuance and even enlargement of feeding, etc., from both English and American Friends was now somewhat decreasing, and relief problems were thus less acute. The Centre at Dorotheenstrasse was run by both English and Americans with many German helpers, and was a very busy hive of Committees and gatherings of all sorts. The Student Club, a Study Group, a Message Group, as well as one for Adult Education, all found a home there. Visiting Friends from other countries, as well as the more permanent workers, came and went up and down the grand staircase to find themselves in the very large, light room where the English Friends worked, or passed on to the larger premises of the Americans. Each morning punctually at 9 o'clock 40 or 50, or more, would meet for the daily time of worship, by no means the least important gathering of the day. Sometimes there would be entertainments—mostly, I think, given by the generosity of the Americans—and often there would be lectures by visitors, as well as by the staff. Perhaps Marion C. Fox summed up our efforts at this time very succinctly when she reported to the London Committee: " When Friends first

went out to Germany it was under a strong impulse to go to the heart of the enemy, as it were. As a German Friend had said, they brought Quakerism without expecting to or intending to." If it were my intention to give a full account of those years I should have to tell of many English and American Friends coming and going and working there, and I should write of some no longer with us, the flavour of whose spiritual fellowship will not lightly be forgotten. But my brush can paint only little sketches of German life and conditions, and I must limit myself to these.

Chapter VI.—GROWING HOPES.

A THREE months' visit to the United States in March, April, May and June left me all too little time in Germany during 1925, although it did not cut me off entirely from what was going on, and, indeed, only increased my sense of the international nature of the work which we were trying to do in this latter country.

The journey out was far more comfortable than it used to be, though still far from normal six years after the end of the war. In spite of improved conditions there was still much unemployment in Germany, and the lack of cash in the banks and businesses was very crippling.

I must here note that at a Conference of the German Friends in the previous year (1924) it had been decided that the Centres in Berlin and Frankfurt—that is the offices where the Foreign Friends, English and American Workers were situated—should close with the end of that year, thus leaving the German Friends with an added sense of responsibility for the spiritual work in their own country. One of them afterwards described their mixed sensations when leaving the gathering where this was arranged; she wrote:

"We felt the separation from our friends and guides deeply, and we Germans, each going forth in his own place and his work, North and South, East and West—we parted even more united to go forward along the way which was shown to us by our Inner Light."

Then in this year (1925) came a further turning point in the history of German Quakerism. At the third Conference,

again at Eisenach, there was one very fine address by one of the German Friends, then some sessions somewhat distracted by discussion without much satisfaction, and then at last it was suggested by one member (H. B.) that the time had come to form an independent German Yearly Meeting. This decision was arrived at after very careful consideration with the English and American Friends present, and with their entire concurrence. Of the German members who had been temporarily received by London Yearly Meeting there were transferred to the newly-born German body 42, in the month of December, 1925. It was made quite clear on both sides, if one could speak of sides where all was harmonious, that there was no expectation that the new body should be in any sense bound to follow the customs, or even the advice of the older bodies; such limiting would have been wholly alien to the practice of true Quakers, since, for hundreds of years, they have based their freedom of discussion on the belief in and experience of Divine guidance for the collective body, as well as for the solitary individual. This point is often strongly contested by those who dislike our corporate testimony for peace; this arises because they do not understand the way in which our silences, when differences arise, can bring the united worshippers back to the stilling of ill-will and human littleness in the vaster whole of " that perfect disenthralment which is God."

There had already been much discussion as to the desirability of membership in the London Yearly Meeting, and it was easy to understand that it was natural for some of those who joined in Germany to be a little anxious as to what it might mean to belong to such an unorthodox body as a new Yearly Meeting; to them it seemed safer to be attached to a well-known and firmly-established one like that of London; to start a wholly independent German Society seemed like cutting the rope which held their small, rocking craft to the mainland. Still, the venture was made, and in time the 42 members became 270, of whom about 20 resigned during the 1933 crisis and some with children emigrated, whilst there were also a few requests for admission.

It is interesting to note the two rather special characteristics soon to be acquired by this small venture of faith; it became essentially a family in sentiment and at the same time

essentially international in outlook. During the Russian famine in 1921-2 the Berlin Friends, in spite of their own poverty, collected money and clothes to be sent to that stricken neighbour. As a matter of fact, the urge towards a World Society of Friends as a true corrective to any undue weight of Anglo-Saxon characteristics was very marked, and perhaps even a little surprising to some slower-paced Quakers.

The decision to form a German Yearly Meeting was to be implemented by an autumn Conference. Before describing this I must give a few details of visits paid on my return to Germany as they illustrate this organic growth.

Travelling to Siegen (already mentioned) M. K. and I found ourselves in the midst of an industrial region of many ironworks, now closing down owing to the importation of cheap Swedish ore. The city was the home of at least 70 different sects—a very poor soil for peace seed—and the public meeting was sparsely attended. The Chairman kept us waiting for half an hour before making his appearance, and I was in poor train for speaking, after a longer absence than usual from Germany. There was happily a very good discussion, and one young fellow said that he could never have so completely changed his attitude to war had he not been helped by the Quaker pamphlets he had read.

To get to Grosseifen we had to " Bummel " (to go by a very slow train) all the way from Siegen for four hours over snow-covered country in order to visit the working man A. S., his wife Dora, and their son Fritz, all of them hitherto members of London Yearly Meeting. These three were at the very door of the carriage to meet us in the tiny station which we had been told in Siegen did not exist! It was a joy to come into the warm room of this Quaker workman's home—there was something so genuine about it. Whilst we were faring well on bread and butter and a beautiful home-made cake, and the 13-years-old, fair, round-faced Fritz was industriously putting away slices of bread and butter and wurst, A. S. could hardly eat, so uninterruptedly did he discourse on Quaker subjects. When I thought of the self-sacrifice of some of these simple people, standing almost alone for a spiritual religion in places where the Church, alas! had often become formal and dead, I felt that it was an enormous privilege to come into contact with them. It was quaint to sit in this little room

before a very early start the next morning, with pen in hand, to help the somewhat complex sentences which came from A. S., marching up and down the room in deep thought, to get themselves into a letter to Carl Heath accepting the transference of membership from London to the new German Yearly Meeting. The boy Fritz was thus left hanging between heaven and earth, so to speak, since, as I have already explained, the German Yearly Meeting had still to discuss the method of dealing with the young.

This was finally settled at the gathering in November of the International Sekretariat at Frankfurt, which we next attended, where matters of organisation were much to the fore, marking a great growth in the life of the Yearly Meeting. It will be seen how active the new body had already became when I say that the subjects were religious education, co-operation with Woodbrooke, the transfers from London, 25 applications for membership, and the question of dividing the country into sections so that Friends might meet more easily. It was held to be advisable to let the admission of new members still remain with the central body, seeing that the local groups were not yet sufficiently strong to carry this weight. The difficulties of accepting new members arose thus: someone would write from a distance, too far off to be visited, at any rate at once, saying that he or she had read some of the literature and would like to join the Society. At first, English Friends did not like to discourage applicants, and allowed the names to go down in a few instances: then it was found later that these persons had not felt the responsibility of thus belonging to a distant body, and there arose some quite difficult results. On looking over the lists of those who later made application to join the German Yearly Meeting, I find most of them to have been my personal friends, and it is interesting to notice from what different social groups they came—teachers, workmen, officials, and some from a very distinct peasant group, of which more later.

It was delightful to mark the great progress made in the discussions, which could now be conducted without the heat which was sometimes all too noticeable in the early days of Quaker business meetings. The close neighbourhood of the ever-hospitable home at Königstein was a delightful resort for some of the Conference guests afterwards, where they

found music to their hearts content. On the Sunday evening, whilst Carl Heath was speaking to the International Club in Frankfurt, I was trying to get into touch with a mostly poor group of people at the Innere Mission, where the Pastor was very friendly but quite firm in dissociating himself from my peace heresies.

Though it was only November, the winter was beginning to close in and promised to be a hard one, so that it was depressing to hear of business being in a bad way, unemployment rife, and the economic situation still far from normal. A short stay in Nürnberg to visit the group there and at Fürth gave me an insight into the terribly low pay which is given for the lovely toys for which Nürnberg is celebrated. One woman and her daughter, for instance, bent tiny bits of tin to a certain shape, and with all their efforts could not make more than 15s. a week between them. We could not, however, at this time make serious investigations, as we were due at the tiny village Settlement of Sonnefeld, a little way out of Coburg. Here M. K. and I were the guests of one of the group which had come together out of Mennonite and Baptist bodies in search of greater religious freedom under conditions of great simplicity of living. As we tramped through the slush of the village from the tiny station we saw the Settlement house washed with warm orange and bright blue trimmings, and we were soon introduced to the family. This man and wife with their two children took in kiddies from Welfare Officials in big cities like Berlin and Halle, and in summer they took children for holidays who lived in little wooden barracks just on the edge of the village. The parents of one of the members of the group had given them a house to which they had added a wing with a large room, where we listened to musical games and afterwards attended the evening meeting. It was deeply interesting, after my address, to hear the various expressions of the religious and pacifist convictions of these peasants. Our hostess, too, quite interested us by the way in which she described that it was impossible for them to remain in the Baptist organisation—they wanted spiritual freedom, they wanted to grow and to think for themselves, and to live a simple life. The conditions certainly were simple: we slept just over the cows and were thankful for the very faint warmth which came up through the boards of the

floor, for there was deep snow outside and not much warmth inside, and it meant washing (what little we did) in almost frozen water.

These people did not maintain their standard without difficulty and a certain amount of persecution. When they were building the wing the Pastor sent word to the Munich authorities that they were building a Sanatorium and going to make the place a bathing resort; in consequence the police came and stopped the work. For six weeks nothing could be done, until one of them went to Munich, personally interviewed the Minister, telling exactly what they were really doing, and said that they were living " im Quakergeist." The ban was at once lifted by telephone. They were none of them actually members of the Society of Friends, but took the matter seriously and considered themselves Quakers. They had a little room where every Tuesday and Thursday they met for an hour's worship from 6-7 a.m. The Pastor was opposed to them and indeed might well be when he thought of their room filled twice a week with 30-40 people and his own huge church with only ten Communicants besides two old women. Half the church was 15th Century, very lofty, and belonged to a Nunnery, the newer half was much lower, with a tower, so that the outline was most curious, high ,then low, and then a tower.

The leader of the group was H. K., a Russian Mennonite, who was living in Germany when the war broke out and was interned as a foreigner. Throughout he held to his pacifist views and was once condemned to death, though afterwards by the intervention of an officer allowed to go free. When in camp he had been put in charge of some of the men in the internment camp; he refused to use the Gummiknüppel—a short, heavy, indiarubber rod with a knob at the end—a fearsome weapon, and, of course, he succeeded in managing his men without it, although everyone told him it would be impossible.

Various handiworks were carried on; the rooms were in the newest fashion of bright blue, green and yellow; at the same time the life was really simple. We all ate with the children, out of the large basins of vegetable food put on the table. The deep religious foundation to all this work was most marked, though not paraded in many words. It was a

great experience to come into contact with such a set of enthusiasts; my trust that they would pull through all their troubles was not well founded, and like many rather extreme efforts in time of great tension, there was what the old Friends used to call a "running out." This need not detain us here, as it in no way belongs to the main story of Quakerism in Germany, although it was quite a difficulty at one time to see how best to deal with it.

One morning, as we sat at breakfast, who should appear but the gaily mad Dr. H., about whom a word of explanation is due; he was a very learned man, a Dr. of Sanskrit, and spoke English fluently. There was something strangely attractive about him even when one had to laugh at his odd ideas, which caused sad muddles at times. He had walked a long way out from Coburg to make plans for huge yellow posters to announce my lecture in Coburg that evening, happily too late. After the lecture he brought a group of his friends to the hotel to discuss proposals for a Quaker settlement in Italy. He certainly had grasped some of the essentials and would have liked to start a silent worship group—another of the tiny shoots which came up so quickly at one time, with all too little depth of earth to bear any seed.

My lecture was the first one on Quakerism to be given in Coburg and was not at all interrupted by any of the 150 persons present. The Pastor spoke at length afterwards, a lady read, also at great length, a vegetarian appeal; and one gentleman got rather hot over his declaration that Germany was entirely pacifist before the war, and in order to emphasise his request to me to have this statement published in England and America, he waved his stick at me, rapier-wise, until I found it very difficult to keep a straight face.

The December of this year found me visiting in various places, and I must give some details, for it was my good fortune to be able to see persons of the most diverse social position and education, and a very real privilege it was, since it opened doors which otherwise too surely remain shut all one's life. And so my stories include things done or heard in Hamburg, Bückeburg, Hannover, Tübingen, and Stuttgart. In all of these there were tiny groups of Friends or Friends of the Friends, as they styled themselves, and everywhere there were openings for real fellowship. One can hardly bear now,

in 1944, to write of Hamburg; where can its fine little group, which was growing in 1925, be now? Then it was solidifying pretty much on its own, with very little outside help.

In Bückeburg one came up against the toy-like, long since departed, glory of the small principalities which were once such a feature of German life; this state was so tiny that you could almost see from one end to the other, yet it was proud to have most, if not quite all ,the amenities of any larger one, even one small coal mine. If this Prince's domain was small, his wealth was vast. So instead of building, as was his wont, schools and hotels in his state, he lived in Munich, and only his steward inhabited the ugly new palace. I could hardly feel any reality behind this flimsy royalty until one of the temperance group with whom I was meeting told me how very difficult she found it at first, to give up being in the court circle, and had to mix with ordinary people! The burning question at the time for this state was whether it should allow itself to be wholly absorbed in Prussia, which would solve the problem of its poverty and light its roads and make them passable, or whether it should continue to struggle on in this way and still send its delegates to vote when the other states were called together. Comfort or prestige was the question.

The group there was one for Temperance, but had enough interest in Quakerism to get visits from various Friends who had done very good work there; it met under the vigorous leadership of Pastor M., of a neighbouring village church, of whom more anon. It was of intense interest to me to sit round the long, prettily lighted table in Fräulein D's Kindergarten on a Sunday evening after the three hours' meeting in the afternoon, and to learn from each one present how they had come into touch with Quakers; it was suggested that we should each say our names and something about ourselves, since most of the guests came from the surrounding districts, Bückeburgers themselves not being much given to peace affairs, which we were to discuss. This led to some very long personal narrations; one lady who knew a friend of mine had come two and a half hours by train to hear a Quaker! and was much pleased when she found that her friend was a near neighbour of mine. From Detmold came an ex-General, Dr. Commander and his wife, both keen pacifiists, who gave

me a most cordial invitation to go and stay with them and speak for them. My friend H. L. came from Bielefeld, and six tiny surrounding villages were represented—Petzen, Eweson, Hobbensen, Uchte, Wittel, and Lubliecke. The war had done its work with these people; the miner, the farmer who had lost all after being turned out of East Africa, the Pastor, the court lady, the simple peasant girl, the teacher and the Doctor.

Of Pastor M. it is difficult to say enough; as missionary to Central Africa he went out so fully instructed in philology that within a few days of his arrival he could begin to understand what was said to him, to the great surprise of the natives, with whom he and his wife lived in the greatest harmony and confidence. Captured by the British, and obliged to walk the whole way to the coast under terrible privations and some treatment by British residents which I dare not record, they were separated, he to be sent to prison in India, and she with the twin boys, born on that terrible journey, to remain in Africa. For two years he could get no information about her, and then she was sent to join him for two years' further imprisonment. It was only the profound belief in the way of Jesus of an old gardener, a fellow-prisoner, that saved the Pastor from the bitterness of unbearable hate, cleansed his heart and made him to be the mainstay of a big circle of his fellow-countrymen in the sad aftermath of the war. It was a real blessing to stay in his home as I used to do afterwards, seeing how he held to his peace principles whilst still keeping in touch with those who strongly opposed him. He was the only "Abstinent" in the 20 Pastors of his state, and his stand in this and other matters of freedom resulted in the, to Germans, unbelievable situations of the Social Democrats having been willing to listen to a Pastor, and of the Pastor himself having actually found that he could get into touch with a Jew! In consequence of such unheard-of conduct he had been almost torn between the two parties, the Church trying to force him to resign and the Social Democrats determined to keep him in his place.

Early one bitter November morning I got over from Bückeburg in order to attend his Church service, held in the fine old building which was so venerable that it could not be heated. The congregation was large and evidently very

sincere; and the women were mostly in "tracht" (costume) which I was told by the local Doctor is sometimes a cause of T.B. infection.

It was a little later on when I was visiting P. that I was introduced to two Doctors whose practice lay amongst the Tuberculose-ridden population in the neighbourhood of Minden. At Bergkirchen one of his sons took me on his round of visits to his patients living in poor rural homes; in consequence of their industry as cigar makers they were very largely afflicted with this disease. In every house one could see the long, rough table in the window where the dry leaves of the tobacco plant were rolled into shape; it is the perpetual dust from this process, always present in these small homes, which causes the widespread incidence of the disease. I could hardly understand it when I saw the Doctor accept a cigar from one of the workers and smoke it then and there. Since the women are equally employed with the men, and old as well as young can usually take a hand, although there is a certain skill which must be exercised, the comparative ease of the circumstances and the fact that the work can be done at the labourer's own time, makes it very difficult to see how it can be changed without upsetting many interests. A Doctor in Minden whom I knew, D. N., gave me a very sad account of sexual disease in his district. It was to his house that we adjourned for further discussion after the meeting of about 200 persons, partly fathered by the Trade Unionists, to which I spoke about the General Strike in England.

The Hannover Group was quite different, having been in touch with Friends for only about 18 months, and, like many another young circle, suffered somewhat from the extremists who had drifted into something which seemed to promise them an outlet for their social views. I confess that sometimes I found myself almost bewildered in the midst of the variety of sects—Baptists, Adventists, Mormons, Theosophists, and others—and it was evident that Quakerism, whilst in touch with these, must keep firm hold on its essential reasonableness. "Have Friends got the gifts of the Spirit, the gift of prophecy, the gift of tongues, of inspired dreams?" Such questions have been put to me at times, and I was painfully aware of how far we were from the vitality of the early Church, even after the subtraction of some of its abnorm-

alities. Herr E.—a packer and messenger in a book-shop—and his wife, were leaders, and evidently fine personalities. As I sat at dinner with them in their tiny workman's flat, I was surprised at their understanding of spiritual matters: they had come out of a somewhat abnormal sect, but seemed to be well able to lay aside its less attractive features. I had two evenings with the group, and learned something of their difficulties during the discussion. Later on, Herr E. had much to suffer for his principles, and both he and his wife stood the test finely, as far as I was able to follow their story.

The Hannover group was very poor, and suffering from unemployment: the need for books was keenly felt. The Quaker Verlag (Publishing Office) was already doing a good deal in publishing translations of various Quaker books, and more would have been welcomed had there been sufficient funds for the production of the same. The German Yearly Meeting which met at Sonnefeld that year, emphasised this need, and desired that a Central Library should be set up, since the need for information on Friends' beliefs was much desired. The fact that the *Mitteilungen* (Notes) reached a circulation of 700 indicated a growing interest in these matters.

Usually I enjoyed my visits to the ever-hospitable home in Königstein, but this time it was much spoilt for me by the presence of English soldiery instead of the French who had so long established themselves there. Of course, I could not help caring more when I heard unpleasant stories about them, because to a slight extent one is always a little more responsible for one's compatriots than for other nationalities. English babies were settling into this district with their parents, and the English demanded better accommodation than the French had done, the huge barracks, built at great expense by the Germans, had had to be thoroughly repaired and drainage put in, which the French had not required. The inhabitants said that their present over-lords were more exacting and more blunt than their predecessors, but that they were "gentlemen" and more likeable. There seemed to be little love lost between the two foreign Powers.

Tübingen had especial interest for me as the University to which I am very proud to have been invited to belong, and as the last place where we helped with the Student-feeding—to say nothing of the very pleasant friends who lived there.

Professor W's family was a stimulating one, and had taken part (though not the major part) in arrangements for a meeting to hear a somewhat militant pacifist: this had aroused such fierce party feeling that the speaker never got a hearing, and he and his upholders were for some hours held prisoners in a town battle. This caused considerable division in the University public, and, as a consequence of this, the Professor and his family had been largely thrown into the hands of the working-class to an extent not often occurring in German academic life: such a mixture was all the more interesting for me.

It must be remembered that student life in Germany was then—and long had been—different from that in English Universities, since there were no colleges in our sense of the term: there were students' associations, such as those of particular corps of fighters, which would not mix with other corps except as antagonists, but the living in college was yet in the future: each student would naturally live alone, and largely study alone, thus perhaps getting through his examinations more quickly than an Englishman would do who did not often "sport his oak," but with a reduced amount of the education which comes of rubbing shoulders with others. It certainly was a great privilege for a wandering Quaker to get some taste of the very fine intellectual life of a German University, and all the more so when it could be set against the quite different background of a Swabian workman in Stuttgart, my next place of call.

J. L. was a man who would have graced any station in life, for transparent integrity is one of the noblest of qualities anywhere. He was rightly the main prop of the tiny Meeting which had gathered about him. The rather soft Swabian nature, with its dialect made more musical by its added syllables than the northern German dialects, may lend itself easily to the quiet of Friends' methods, although the number of southern members was not large. J. L. told me how difficult was the way of the ordinary workman, who gave his best to what he had to do: he himself made an improvement in the method of producing some kind of screw, which reduced the time needed to make it, and, consequently, the cost. Telling this to his employer, he felt that it would have been an encouragement if he had received a slightly higher

wage, at least after this had occurred more than once, or if the cost of the article had been reduced so that the public benefited by the invention; but since neither of these results were forthcoming, he discontinued his efforts to improve, and sat down to make without putting any great thought into it. He would sit quietly for some time whilst others talked, and then he would come out with an almost proverb-like bit of wisdom. He went with me to dine one Sunday with two teachers who had visited us in Golders Green—finely cultured men who were preparing an English Reader for Schools which should contain some quotations from Quaker literature. It was small wonder that these teachers were broad-minded, when one came to know something of the very fine Director of Education. Another striking personality with whom I came into contact was Herr M., a kindly lawyer who, with his wife and children, lived high up on one of the many hills by which Stuttgart is surrounded. As they kindly took me in, I was at times a trifle in difficulties to reach their home, seeing that the steep streets up and through the vineyards, when covered with snow and ice, were difficult to negotiate, especially at night. Herr M. was for six years a prisoner in Russia, and could tell many stories of hair-breadth escapes, of earning his living in industries run by the prisoners on their own, and of some of the complicated movements of those times, now so largely interesting from an almost archaeological point of view. He was always fairly treated by the Bolsheviks. These histories of men swept about by tides of political or military happenings give one a terrible sense of the many personalities which, unless very strong, become just molecules in the turgid mass, without hope or power to change their conditions, and only just holding on to life as the one desired thing. Herr M. knew one German who, within a few weeks' time, was carried from South America to Siberia; coming home to serve, he was sent to the Eastern front, taken prisoner almost immediately, and landed in Vladivostock.

It was near Christmas, and I journeyed from Stuttgart by Kehl to Paris with varying fortune. I knew that I should have to change four times, but I did not know that I should be the only passenger passing through the French customs at Kehl and thus lay myself open to a most searching examination. It was only after much discussion that I came to terms

with the officer and paid a lump sum for many small Christmas nothings which I was taking to my family in Paris, since it would have meant discovering the value of every tree ornament or worthless little toy. At last, after much delay I arrived in Paris at 3 a.m.

It was whilst in Paris that I first heard of the most unusual and striking figure of Roux, Le Bandit, a C.O. who withstood all the power of the French military during the war and lived as an outlaw so successfully that it was not until the end of it that he was finally captured and sent to prison.

1925 was a year of growing hopes, when it seemed as if something really stable might be taking place in Germany, and with 1926 she returned in some real measure to her place in European politics, joining the League of Nations in the September with a permanent seat on the Council, whilst Hindenburg, the hero of Tannenberg, had become President of the Republic in the place of Ebert, who had died in the previous year. Whatever may be said against the militarism of the 85-years-old Marshal, it must be remembered that he did carry out the constitutional precepts with scrupulous care. It was in such apparently growing security that the various Quaker Centres were hard at work, still carrying on a certain amount of relief, but in the main enlarging their numbers and sending their roots downwards into the receptive soil, and holding their second regular Yearly Meeting at Sonnefeld at Easter. Of course, Hitler was already striving to make his way with the Arbeiter Partei, but the advent of Hindenburg to the Presidency barred his way for the time being. It is easy now to perceive how thin was the crust of stability over the still-seething unrest of the post-war years; but at the time it gave some of us much hope. There were many Friends at work in various places, and Student Clubs, depots for the help of the middle classes, lectures, and visiting were in full swing under the care of the Council for International Service at home.

But if 1926 seemed to be opening somewhat better for Germany than 1925 had done, for England it was to be a year of dire distress, since it contained the nine months' strike of the miners and the seven-day General Strike of all Labour in the support of their comrades. What this meant in moral and material misery cannot be told here, and it is mentioned only

in order to give a background to the German story, and also to account for my own lack of information on the foreign front, due to my occupation with matters of conciliation between the contending parties and measures of relief for the unemployed, undertaken by the Society of Friends.[1]

I was told, as a matter of fact, that the German Government drew 100,000,000 Marks for transit whilst our strike was on.

My interest in coal matters in England quickened my interest in those of Germany, and I was called upon more than once to speak on the Coal Strike. It will be remembered that we had made certain inquiries into this subject on our first journey, whilst at Essen, and had been much disturbed to think that the Reparations demanded from Germany included coal deliveries, which so depleted the deliveries to Germany itself that the winter of 1919 was a very anxious one for the authorities, who had to face serious restlessness on account of the real hardships suffered by many as a result of lack of just necessary warmth. It is well known that our South Wales export trade suffered in consequence of Reparations, coal being sent from Germany to France, and particularly to Italy, thus forcing our own miners to sit idle on their heels. The post-revolution arrangement in Germany was one which made me recognise that our own unorganised methods were seriously out of date: in the former there was a body consisting of representatives of the owners, the miners, the dealers, and the consumers, which settled prices which were then enforced by law. Two of us went to see both the British

[1] The Watching Committee appointed on May 7th, 1926, was the first link in a chain of varying Committees arising out of it, the last of which is still functioning to-day in 1944. On the very day of its appointment it issued the following minute, which was broadcast except the last paragraph:

"The Society of Friends believes that there is a widespread demand for a radically Christian treatment of the present disastrous situation in the country. We know by long experience the all-powerful way of conciliation, and, realising that there exists in all men a spirit of good-will, believe that it is along this path only that a solution can be found.

"We therefore appeal to the Government and to all the parties concerned to allow nothing to stand in the way of an immediate resumption of negotiations."

official and the German one on this matter of coal production. The former, very cold and stiff, gave us very little more information than that German recovery was unexpectedly swift, whereas the latter, of course the author of a large book on the subject, had much to tell us.

The economic recovery was certainly remarkable, but this did not mean that there was not very severe suffering and misery. Whilst the experts were discovering how to liquefy the worst sorts of coal so as to use the oil for lamps, etc., and thereby turn their import of this latter into an export, or nearly so, at the same time, by their having achieved the production of nitrogen from the air, they had turned the import of nitre into an export. This is one side of the picture; but on the other hand the middle classes were in even greater need, if one could judge by the demands on our depots, and the suggestion by some Friends that we should issue a fresh and separate appeal for the same.

Whilst some Friends in England were helping the unemployed miners to stock their allotments, one of the Berlin Friends was helping in one of the Homes for young unemployed in Berlin: there were Homes for girls and boys, and in both the city authorities spent money on training and supplying materials of all sorts to these Homes: indeed, I did just wonder whether it was not too lavishly done for a poor country in the throes of severe economic difficulties. Then, of course, there was often a good deal of commercial fishing in troubled waters, even in high places, with dishonest bankruptcies as well as genuine ones; and ever and anon there were accounts of suicides as a result of intolerable burdens—one man became bankrupt one morning when fourteen of his debtors all failed to pay.

In contrast to these many signs of demoralisation, it was a pleasure to visit the Landsassen Workers' Settlement at Leipzig: this was a most interesting little group, run strictly on community lines, with similar pay for manual and all other kinds of work, entire management by Committees, all personal property given over to the group and not returned even on leaving it. Within the circle everything was on these lines, but in the members' contact with the outside world they competed for materials and sales, and did good trade owing to the excellence of their goods.

A circular tour in the late autumn brought me many fresh impressions of the conditions in various places. In Cassel my contact with a Pastor brought me some sad sense of theological strife within the Church: it is often difficult for us Friends not to look with something of superiority on such matters—we are mainly so free from such discussions and divisions that we are not always as sympathetic to the difficulties of others in these subjects as we might be: at the same time, it is clear that to be set free from them does give us—or should do so—more time for the deeper issues of religion. At the time of my visit this particular Pastor was having to appear before his Church Council because he would not make the children take vows which they could not understand at the time of their confirmation.

In Detmold the Trades Unionists had helped to arrange a gathering for me, and although the interest was not keen, as at Minden, yet a small group came together under the guidance of Dr. T. and his wife, whose desire for fuller acquaintance with Quakerism was most genuine, and there were hopes that a small worship group might be founded. The good Doctor had lost a good deal of his practice through his anti-alcoholism, the result of his former practice in the army. This little group held on for some time and made good progress, but there was something not very healthy at the root and I doubt its having been able to hold on through the later trials and testings.

After visiting the Bielefeld group under the teacher H. L., I passed on to Münster: this occasion has remained very firmly imprinted on my memory, partly from the very friendly hospitality of the good Frau B., usually known as Mutter B., and partly from the thrilling discussion on theological matters which I had with one or two students and a Professor. I suppose that it was Luther who had made "Sin" loom so largely in the minds of some of the disputants that there seemed at times to be little else to be said; it was doubtless good for me to learn a little more of German theology, but to suppose that Quakerism could be built on that foundation would be merely to build on sand. How this special emphasis on one aspect only of the human soul can be wisely related to other aspects is a question most pertinent for any who would draw closer sympathetically to many a searching Ger-

man soul, for it seems to me to be rather more—shall I say?—Lutheran than Anglican. When one remembers that Münster is the city where the Anabaptists were destroyed, and gazes up at the three iron cages (renewed ones) hanging high above the busy city street on the church spire to remind men of those who there perished, one wonders whether some mysterious atmosphere of religious extravagance might still hang over the city.

Having a day to spare, I had intended to stay a night in a hotel in Bremen, which was virgin soil as far as our work was concerned, and to pay calls on my own, a freedom which I rarely got, since invitations were far too pressing as a rule. And here again I was not allowed to remain outside a home, for H. L., who attended the Hamburg Conference, had written to Berlin for literature, and most kindly insisted on my staying with him, his wife, and mother-in-law, and the result was a time of deeply-valued spiritual fellowship. But I must turn for a moment to Bremen itself, since it is no mean city, proud of having been a Hansa town. In front of its beautiful old Rathaus still stood the rough figure of " Roland," reminiscent of the days when spear throwing was aimed at a figure which *rolled round* and having no connection with the Paladin of that name. But Bremen did not only live in the past: if you turned your back on the Rathaus, crossed the busy market square, and entered the narrow Böttcher Strasse, you found yourself in a tangle of new sensations, blank amazement, excitement, and complete puzzledom. Here in an old handworkers' quarter a rich industrialist had built new shops for these industries, and the sale of his own manufacture of Kaffee Hag. Red brick, with the bricks sticking out at all angles and in odd lines, a dark opening here leading to a wide stairway, lighted only by slits of windows with brilliant red and blue glass—in the middle of a hall a something—I really did not know what, but a brick erection with holes and corners which might contain a fountain or anything else for ought I knew. You entered a shop and were informed that on this side of the street all was " plastic," and the pillars, as well as the whole room, were moulded in some way or other. The opposite side of the street was " architecture," built of red and white bricks. You gazed down the narrow opening between the shops and descried a dumpy cupola, and every-

where inset carved work and protruding bricks made your eye and brain go chasing about for the next excitement. I am still quite unable to judge of the real value of the effort; new it certainly was, and in so far it probably really corresponded with a spirit actually present in Germany at that time. I am not depending only on my impressions when I say that something new was stirring there. If it is true that this new street was an effort " deutsch zu denken ", (to think Germanwise), then it behoves us who fain would understand Germany to think furiously, for we have much to learn. Hitler had the whole thing closed down after attacking it furiously in a " cultural speech."

Some of these buildings were done by an artist from the neighbouring village of Worpswede, where at one time there was an artist colony; so strongly pacifist were they that during one of the early disturbances after the war a white regiment was sent off to besiege the reds and take their leader, Heinrich Vogeler, prisoner. No preparations were made for defence, and the soldiers, in their hurry to search the house and capture the leader, left him unnoticed, quietly digging in the garden. So much for external interests; I had others besides, especially in being allowed to call on one of the two translators of " By An Unknown Disciple," at this time very much read in Germany; and perhaps most of all did I enjoy the group in the house where I was lodging. There was light, easy conversation, fun and laughter, helped by abundance of excellent elderberry wine and biscuits, as well as the times when we drew from deeper wells of refreshment, and when the old father, Doctor L., spoke of his sense of what Friends might do under present circumstances in a way that made a deep impression on me, and I felt myself a child in these matters when I looked into his eyes.

After various other visits to Hamburg, Dresden, Leipzig, I landed at Göttingen, where the English Lektor at the University was an Englishman and his wife a member of the British Society of Friends. The fact that the Government had recently made new regulations for increasing the teaching of English in the schools, and that it was to be taught by the most modern method, was stimulating the demand for English-teaching schoolmasters, so that the Lektor's position was an important one. It was particularly pleasing to me to come

into touch with yet another University circle, and especially the outstanding personality of Herr Lic P.: those who have read his book "God in History," translated and published in New York, will recognise that there was a personality one would be glad to meet in his own home. He was an ardent pacifist, having become so during and after the war, when he was twice wounded as a common soldier. In his house we had a gathering of about 30 young people; we talked of many interesting matters, and I was much struck with his description of the Revolution, which he witnessed in Munich. He did not consider it to have been a real revolution and certainly not what the Right were apt to style it "a thrust in the back of the army": it was simply a simultaneous movement of a whole people against more pretence of war. When a procession of protest was arranged it passed the barracks, called out the soldiers, and they came; the officers had either left or did not dare to forbid the desertion. His account made one think of a pile of sand suddenly released from barriers and irresistibly finding its own level, without any sense of leadership and hardly even of direction; everyone was so tired and so hungry that they did not care what happened to them so long as the war stopped. This factor has, perhaps, been too little recognised in England and, in consequence, there has been too much expectation of a more radical change in German politics than actually took place as a result of the cessation of hostilities.

Chapter VII.—UNIVERSITY DOINGS.

PERHAPS my story lays too little stress on organisations: it was human contact with so many German people which really seemed to me at the time—and equally so since—to be one of the greatest means of becoming interested in the country, and, although it is necessary to be very much aware of how small is the number of persons whom it is possible for one individual to meet and consult, yet the local colour of actual individuals does play its part in the colouring of the whole picture.

Here I must give some account of two social functions in

which I felt much privileged to take a part. The first was a German Quaker wedding. Of course, the pair had to be formally wedded at the Registry Office, as is always the case in Germany. It could not be expected that the German Yearly Meeting would have the very unusual rights the London one has—i.e., to be the official registrar of marriages. This as is well known, was won in early days by English Friends as a means of legalising Friends' marriages, which they could not consent to have validated by the law, seeing that for them the only real sanctifying of the marriage vow is that it should be made in the presence of the Divine Father and in a gathering for His worship. This wedding was held on a Sunday morning in the drawing-room of a lovely country house, and the bride and bridegroom made a statement, similar to the English one, but, of course, in German. A very beautiful little meeting followed, and at the end one of the brothers of the bride played the Adagio Cantabile of the Pathetique Symphony of Beethoven. It is not unworthy of remark that the very beautiful arrangement of flowers all over the house, together with the simple but very pleasing vegetarian lunch, gave a fine sense of the unity of the outward and the inward sides of life which had a peculiar charm and one which I shall never forget. Unfortunately, I had to hurry away before the evening festivities had ended, as I had to reach Tübingen in time for the great festivity there in honour of the 450th anniversary of the founding of their University. My kind hosts there—Professor W. and his wife—were old friends, and I suspect him of being at the bottom of the honorary degree given to me in July, 1924, which gave me the privilege of being the guest of the University at this celebration. The whole little city lying above the Neckar was decorated with flags, amongst them the red and black Württemberg one, and the narrow streets were much busier than usual, I was told. The events of the day began early, and my Professor host and his guest came to breakfast in evening dress. I only just caught sight of the procession as I hurried along to the church; but I did see some fine horses of the State-riders. I found one other lady on her way to the church, and gladly joined her, since ladies were few and far between that day. Unfortunately, we could not sit together, so I took my place behind the other lady in sight, who later kindly came and sat by me,

and we had a pleasant chat, since our rarity made us feel very friendly towards one another: her degree was for social work. It was the Corps Students who carried off all the glory of dress that day, as they stood in the choir during the four and a half hours' service in all the glory of their black velvet coats, white silk scarves, black and white ostrich plumes, pink, green, gold and silver in every imaginable combination, and with their white riding breeches, boots to the knees, white gauntleted gloves, and over all the special colours of each standard. Here the ladies were the sober element, in their black cloaks and black velvet tam-o-shanters. The procession of the distinguished and undistinguished Professors, Burgomasters, Generals, etc., made another brave show with their gorgeous robes of gold, green, black and purple, and one very Quaker-like in black with lovely grey velvet trimmings and a bewitching grey velvet cap: one gentleman wore ruffles, and many wore the chains that I would gladly have had in my hands to examine. The only part of the ceremony which was religious was the music at the beginning and the end: all the rest consisted of greetings from various bodies—some few foreign—a long address from the Rektor and the promulgation of the honorary degrees. I was surprised that applause was allowed in the Church: some of it was given to Prinz Albert of Württemberg in honour of his being a descendant of Count Eberhard, the Bearded, who founded the University in 1477. In the recitation of past students I was specially interested in the names of Kepler, Melanchthon, Hegel, and Strauss.

We were not sorry to stream out of the church at 2 p.m. I found my Professor and went with him up the narrow street to the Rittersaal in the old Schloss. Amongst the 300 guests who sat down to lunch at 3 o'clock there can have been only four or five women in all. I sat between a jurist and an historian, who, I afterwards learned, was the reactionary opponent of my Professor friend. I had got some idea, from what I heard in the church (though I can hardly say how) that I had better be very careful in my conversation, and I managed to get on well with my two neighbours, though I confess that it was rather hard work. The German fashion of having toasts between each course is very wearisome, and I am not sure that in every case I knew in whose honour I, over

and over again, touched the wine glasses of my neighbours with my own water-filled one. When I found myself on my feet with everyone suddenly singing "Deutschland über Alles," to the clang of the military band, I did just a little wonder how I had got into that *galère*.

By the time we came away at 5.30 we were due at the theatre to see the "Robbers," so rantingly given that even a German lady told me she could not follow the words. A torchlight procession through the streets, a reception in the beautiful Platanenallée with the trees hung with coloured lights, and refreshments with beer in the ascendant; then with the Professor to a students' "Kneipe," which was what one calls "an experience," to show that it was not necessarily enjoyable but valuable as an instance of student life at its jolliest. The attending of the last item—a ball in the Museum—was really a duty, and I was thankful when we reached home at 1.0 a.m.

The next day I left for Stuttgart, having seen more than usual of German life not in touch with Quaker thought: this was most helpful, since there was a danger of gauging the general thought too largely from the rather special people with whom we naturally came into contact.

A second visit to my friend in Stuttgart, and then northwards via Königstein, and a delightful motor drive thence to Westerwald: first through the forest lands of the Taunus, pleasantly shaded on that warm day, down into the valley of the Lahn, and so by way of Limburg, with its striking double-towered cathedral built on the rock rising sheer out of the Lahn River, gradually up into the high, rather poor land of the Westerwald. The Westerwald is somewhat of a plateau where there are many signs of former volcanic action, and the bluish basalt is very largely used for ordinary road metal: it is also used in bricks with which many of the great roads are paved. I saw a splendid instance of the upward thrust of the lava, showing the central point of greatest uprush. I had become very fond of the hedgeless country: wherever the outlook widened one had a sense of space and freedom, which our snugger arrangements give only at greater distances. Everywhere the corn was ripening—some of it a fine red gold, some of it, alas! sadly laid flat, but in the main good. We travelled over 90 miles that day over mile after mile of this harvest land

with the uncut hayfields still gay with flowers, and, with no wearisome changings in out-of-the-way railway stations, it was a pure joy—the four and a half hours were all too soon over. But we had business in hand, and, having failed to find the S. family in the tiny hamlet of Stockhausen, we proceeded to the more important, though still small, village of Marienberg-Langenbach. This was much less primitive than the neighbouring hamlet of Grosseifen, where once before I, with M. K., had visited the S's. I should say that A. S. was typical of many German workers, somewhat better read than many English working men, and very much on a par with many adult scholars. D., his wife, was reserved to a degree. I was troubled that she did the correct thing at our Sunday dinner with them, and stayed in the kitchen to serve it up, whilst his sister, a lively, good-looking dressmaker, sat with us. Fritz, the boy of 15, was already apprenticed to an ironworker, and was obliged to attend the night-school. The problem for the S's, as for many other of the isolated Friends in Germany, was how to have the needed fellowship: many of them were not in a position to start a group—often no easy matter—and yet they could no longer feel at home in the Church. We were very glad to find, in this instance at any rate, a temporary solution of this matter. With this in view we asked A. S. if he would inquire whether, with him, we might attend the Sunday morning gathering of the Lagenbach " Bibel-Forscher " (the " Bible-Students "). As a rule this sect is very strongly Adventist and dogmatic; but this group had separated from the main body and was fairly free. It was one of those pleasantly hot Sunday mornings when the heat seems to bring a certain quietening into life, and as we three tucked into the car (A. S. for the first time in his life, I believe), with Fritz beaming by the driver, it was a happy little party for the ten minutes' drive. The little room in the Mill was nearly full when we entered: there were about 20 people—more men than women—the foremost of the former being fairly tightly wedged in at a small table, with the rest of us behind. First came a hymn, of the usual pietistic order, accompanied by one of the girls at a harmonium; then a beautiful extempore prayer, for which we stood, and then the main part of the Service, the reading and discussion of the 12th Chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. Another hymn

and a prayer, and the Service was over. E. K. spoke a few very appropriate words to them. It was all very simple, very true and direct, and we both of us came away with the happy sense that amongst these free, earnest souls the S's might well find their fellowship and task, for A. S. was well fitted to explain some of what he found in Quakerism, and it might well be fruitful for good. I shall long remember that little service with happiness.

We wanted to visit the big electric-power distributing works in the neighbourhood, where A. S. worked, but we had to choose between that and a visit to a little more out-of-the-way hamlet to see the Pastor, whose gift of a Quaker pamphlet to A. S. a few years ago was the first link in the chain which had bound him to the Society. Happily we found Pfarrer S. in his house, away up in a small village, and we were soon hard at work discussing the Church, Pacifism, the present position in Germany, and much on those lines. Pfarrer S. took his full responsibility during the war and spoke against it—I am not sure exactly how long before the end of it—he was very sharp in his criticism of the present slackness of thought and will, whereby we might soon be drifting into another conflict. He was evidently a very vigorous man—I believe, a good speaker—and I hoped that we might know more of him as time went on.

It was a sharp contrast, after one more happy night at Königstein, to find myself once more in the luxurious home of the Gräfin S., on her island in the Rhine. Perhaps I longed for the keener air of the higher lands, for it was oppressively close, the mosquitos were in full swing, and there was no breath even from the river, as we sat looking over it, until late in the evening. The reflections of the often coloured lights from the passing boats and the opposite bank seemed to make but one picture with the lightning playing through the cloud-covered sky; but it was not until late in the night that the rain brought some relief to the laden atmosphere.

The next visit was likewise a great contrast. I had never before visited the B. family, or come across Dr. B., the busy doctor, whose large house stood just above the Werra at Witzenhausen.

Behind, the garden climbed up the rocky wall, terrace-wise. There was only a narrow road in front between the

house and the Werra, and here the patients could sit on the pavement in the sun whilst waiting to see the Doctor, if the waiting-room were not to their liking.

At one side of the house there was a bit of so-called lawn *over* the lower half of the house, and here the chickens, dogs, children, and grown-ups naturally converged, the latter for meals or for chat.

Dr. B., his wife and four children made up the family. He was a well-known doctor, and his waiting-room was full of patients, as well as his small Kurheim. He was a remarkable man; his face, all chipped about with sword wounds, betokened him to have been a corps student. As a naval doctor he journeyed over the world with one of the German princes, and naturally mixed everywhere in the best society. His childish religion of a devil and a great " Gutsbesitzer " (landlord) passed away in his experiences in the world, and he betook himself to theosophy, Annie Besant, Steiner, and others, and became deeply read but unsatisfied. He could not make war fit with Christianity, nor did he try. Then one day he heard, through letters from prisoners in England, of people who helped them and were kind to them. When to this was added the knowledge that such people had actually come to Germany and were feeding students and children, he was sure that he had found what he had so long sought. Much of this he told at a gathering of his patients, to whom he promised to give information about Quakerism, and he took the opportunity of so doing when I was there to add a little. He had spoken the evening before most beautifully on " Liebe und Tod " (Love and Death). He was so taken up with a continual stream of patients, to whom he gave far more than physical help, that I saw but little of him, and hoped to get more opportunity later on. Here is another extraordinarily fine personality, in this little place, convinced heart and soul of the need to work earnestly, and to work *now*, for the coming of the Kingdom. Dr. B. thought the present outlook very serious. I asked him about my impression that there was a distinct wave of reaction passing over Germany, and he agreed this was the case, part, as he put it, of a world wave.

It was most interesting to meet everywhere with evidence of the value of the Third Yearly Meeting held in Magdeburg;

and amongst German Friends 1927 saw the growth of a certain quiet confidence and sense of responsibility which came of being recognised by others as being an independent Society.

Chapter VIII.—GERMAN YEARLY MEETINGS.

AND so we come to the first chapter in the finding of a home for the young German Society of Friends. Would it be possible once again to get into the old building, where Elisabeth Fry, Samuel Gurney, William Allen, Josiah Forster and others had worshipped after the Napoleonic wars? Alas! as we have seen, it had been sold, used as a riding-school, and now stood in dismal desolation.

Writing from Bremen in August, 1928, my mind went back nine years to 1919, when the first four Friends were in Germany, and as I looked, I could hardly understand how the situation had so entirely altered. Notwithstanding all the complications of politics and the pressure of unjust economic conditions, the everyday life had attained to a normality and stability which were amazing. In Quaker politics the advance was almost more striking. Instead of a few foreign Friends wandering round, there was a Yearly Meeting of 150 members as well as attenders, which was not only well ordered, but conscious of its mission, and in various points worthy of British imitation. The silences were often more certain than ours, and the method of admitting to membership may give hints to us at times.

For this, the Fourth German Yearly Meeting in 1928, we gathered in a large restaurant on the hillside at Bückeburg, of which I have already spoken, with the beech woods just opposite, and the plain of the Weser spread out to the north below it. Here we could have our common meal—vegetarian, by the way—and also hold our meetings. On the Saturday evening, when Pastor M. spoke on "Colonies and Religion," the hall was well filled, and his masterly handling of this question held the audience spellbound. As an English person to whom Colonies are part of our subconscious life, the question of whether they are really profitable to the mother country came almost as a shock to me, and his conclusion that Germany should by no means re-enter the race for them

was based not only on his deep religious sense of the value of native life and culture apart from Christian missions, but also on closely reasoned economic factors.

Questions were hardly allowed, for we all wanted to be undisturbed in our reflection on his weighty words, but the one as to whether Christian missions were worth while brought out his view of the true type of mission, which should be that of a living together of different nationalities each striving to understand and help towards the spiritual development and progress of the whole of mankind. At Minden we visited the old Friends' Burial Ground, and saw the two brothers R., now the only link with the once living group of Friends there.

The Meeting for Worship on Sunday was a large and really fine one, Americans, Germans, and English all taking part. One of the, to me, most helpful addresses was given by a workman from Hanover, A. E. The Clerk, H. A., did very much for the value of the gatherings by his quiet and careful handling of all matters, and P. H. made a Chairman, lively in the best sense of the word.

Monday saw all too many of our party gone or going, and it was a mere 35 or so who motored to Pyrmont, passing through the renowned Hamelin town, which, I should think, makes much revenue out of its rats, to judge by the postcards and baked rats with gilt nose and tail. It was our first care to visit the old burial ground, whose tablet had by this time returned to its original sense, the " Feinde " (enemies) of wartime having been happily changed back into " Freunde " (friends). Close to it is the old Meeting House, with its plot of ground now in the possession of the flourishing Catholic sisterhood next door. Shortly after the war Friends could have bought back this house and ground for a comparatively few dollars.

H. A. and I set off to make investigations: we visited the courteous Mutter nearby, studied the present possibilities of securing a bit of land next to the Burial ground in the city offices, and drove out to Friedenstal, which used to be a tiny Quaker settlement, a mile or two out of the town. It was interesting to hear H. A., in answer to queries why we wanted the house, speak with such assurance of the present Yearly Meeting in Germany as a body fully self-conscious, and

permanent. Pyrmont being a bath resort, apparently sleeps from 12 to 3, so we came from our various calls rather belated to join the rest of the party at tea in the house of the hospitable Frau R., a person of weight in town matters, who continued to do all she could for Friends, as we shall see later. It was most interesting to visit the carbonic acid spring, just near her house. The only other one known in Europe is the one at Naples. It looked so ridiculous to see the official put down a long-handled scoop into nothingness, and then carecarefully pour it over a lighted candle, but the effect at least was clear. The gas rises and falls at different times and destroys the surrounding vegetation within its reach.

There was nothing more that could then be done to get a home for the Yearly Meeting, and we had to separate and go our divers ways, leaving the old place in its desolation.

My way took me to Hamelin, to a gathering in the evening in the Rattenfänger Haus (Ratcatcher's house), where I spoke to an interesting audience. About 20 people sat round a table, and in due time took to refreshments—much less beer than I have often encountered on such occasions, and the discussion was so very vehement that I could not take in the matter when everyone was speaking at once. Happily, this was not always the case, and I listened with deep interest to the various points put forward. There was evidence here of what one so constantly meets with in Germany, dissatisfaction with the Church. I am not sure that this was often more than a hostile criticism; it certainly did not always rise to a definite desire or constructive thought for, reform; many said: " Stay in and reform from within," and sometimes this betokens a certain unwillingness to make any active effort. There were teachers present; one lamented the enervating mildness of the present school régime; one was apparently somewhat of a follower of Barth, and told of a preacher who had said to a large congregation that religion had nothing at all to do with this world, that it was impossible for man to do anything towards its reform and that people like reformers, pacifists, vegetarians, and the like, could not be Christians! The discussion lasted until 11 p.m.

I must pass lightly over the next four years, for, although there would be much of interest to relate of my own further experiences, as well as those of other Friends, many of whom

were constantly at work in Germany, yet the local colour which I have tried to paint in would still be the same—namely, of a seething country struggling to get settled, and always failing, partly owing to her own political ineptness (I speak as her friend) and partly because she had little or none of that stabilising influence which should come from other nations where there is community between them. Whether it be individuals or bodies of men, no one can really stand alone, completely isolated from his fellows; we are not made that way, and isolation has a devastating effect on those who suffer from it. If my experiences have anything to say it is that there is a Germany with which Britain can and must, in world interests, *fraternise,* if the Kingdom of God is to be built, not only in " England's green and pleasant land," but in the whole world.

The matter is urgent: not over against each other, but alongside is the only way in which we can build a new world order, and the tiny German Yearly Meeting is an actual expression of this possibility. Whether, as an organisation, it withstands the flood of Nazi levelling or not, it has existed and has had its share in a World Society of Friends, bringing to it a distinct contribution. It is because of this achievement that its history has been traced in the hope that post-war thinking may be along the same lines. There are terrible wrongs to be righted, terrible wounds to be healed which no proud superiority can touch or mend: they must be the common aim of humbled men and women whatever national colours they wore during the war.

And now, with the German Yearly Meeting actually in being, my story is drawing to a close and it only remains to see that body firmly installed in its own home at Pyrmont. Each year, to find some suitable place for the growing gathering of Friends was becoming increasingly difficult, so that to have their own home was of the greatest necessity for German Friends.

In 1929 the Yearly Gathering had been at the Komburg, in Swabia. In 1930 the meeting place was Wernigerode, and for the seventh time in 1931 it was at Hellerau, near Dresden. But 1932 was quite different. Ever since the Yearly Meeting had in 1928 visited the Pyrmont site and set its longing eyes on the old Meeting House, standing so disconsolately just outside

the border of their tiny bit of ground, the Clerk and other Friends had been doing their best to secure that building, but in vain, until early in 1932 the elderly Friend already mentioned, E. R., who lived in the town, heard that it was to be sold for building materials at 300 Marks. She was a wise woman, lost no time in getting into touch with H. A., the Clerk, and he let English Friends hear of the possibility, and happily, before it was too late, the money was found and the wreck became the property of German Friends. And here the good will of the local authorities must be chronicled. The "Friend," for June 7th, 1932, wrote . . . " the town authorities made the offer of a beautiful corner site, with garden and other land adjoining the old burial ground, where the Meeting House could be re-erected. In recognition of the relief service of Friends to the German people, the rent for the land is assessed at a merely nominal sum and occupation is assured for an indefinite period." It seemed almost unthinkable that it could be a practical proposition to set it up again; but the unlikely was true, and the workmen said, as they handled the big oak timbers that formed the framework of the house, that such timbers would never again be seen in these days. And gradually the old house became a new one, whilst still retaining the old form and nearly the old size, being only very slightly larger. It may well be imagined with what interest the Friends gathering in the town of Pyrmont for their Eighth Yearly Meeting visited the growing structure and looked forward to its being ready for the next year's gathering.

It was actually during these sittings in 1932 that the main roof beam was laid, and according to custom the bunch of flowers was duly set up on the highest point and the customary "Richtfest" (House warming) was celebrated by a gathering of the Friends and the Workers, with speeches and the presentation of a huge bunch of flowers by the youngest workman, H. S., to the oldest of the Women Friends, in the empty frame of the house. And then we all adjourned to the restaurant where the Friends usually fed, and enjoyed light refreshments together. It was all most simple and homely, and yet with a certain touch of idealism which meant much in those days and was to mean even more in days to come, when many sorely tried souls would come to find in the Meeting House the material expression for a

spiritual community. "It is my only real home," said a sadly-tried member in after days, and it was too true.

Into this home would be brought much of the business side of the Yearly Meeting: here came the "Verlag," the publishing department, which not only published but also sold books connected with Quakerism, and had become in a fair way to do very good business of a most important character. Ever since the year 1923 there had been a series of journalistic publications devoted to the interests of the Society. For the three years 1923-26 these were entitled "Mitteilungen" (Information), from 1927-31 "Monatshefte" (Monthly Magazine), and from 1932 onwards called "Der Quäker," the last number that I have seen having been for the month of March, 1942. And after that, what? We do not know. These publications had different editors mostly in Germany, but for some time in Holland, and they contained not only details of local and temporary doings, but also articles of historical, literary, and spiritual value; the high level attained by many of these was a fine indication of German thoroughness and capacity for concentrated thought; were they to be compared with their British or American contemporaries they would stand the test without a doubt, and might even be held by an Anglo-Saxon audience to be too metaphysical for the ordinary reader. In this same Quäker-heim lived the publisher and his wife, L. and M. F., and they formed the central point to which all could look for information.

Before going further, something must be said of the background against which this growth took place, for it was indeed thundery: in itself the story of the German Yearly Meeting is, in fact, so simple that it would hardly be a story at all were it not for the lurid background which sets it in such a strange light. In barest outline then, all through the 1920's there had been a sense of some growing possibility of progress for the German nation: with the 1930's that hope gradually disappeared and the atmosphere grew heavier and heavier. It must be remembered that there was a very severe economic world crisis in 1929, a crisis which even the more stable nations found it difficult enough to weather, and for the reeling fabric of German Social Democracy it meant the last blow.[1] Unem-

[1] "The world crisis found German Social Democracy in power, a fact which heightened the drama of the situation, and which National

ployment, as we knew only too well in England, was one of the worst features of the time, and a comparison of figures would show that, as the numbers of workless increased, so did the numbers who voted for the Nazi programme. It was true that industry had revived to an amazing extent, so that Germany could produce even perhaps better than any other country, but she could not sell her goods in the international market, which was closing tighter and tighter around her. And despair grew, and with it the ladder by which Hitler climbed to his dizzy eminence, and then, as the culminating point of the crisis seemed to be passing, Hindenburg succumbed to the intrigues of a combination of politicians, big business people, and landowners, and appointed Hitler as Chancellor, the man who had refused every lower post offered to him. And so in January, 1933, the Storm Troopers in Berlin were triumphantly marching with torches through the Wilhelmstrasse past Hindenburg and Hitler, and the Totalitarian State had begun.

It would not be within my compass to trace the many episodes of this ever-deepening tragedy; enough has been said to show that it required no small courage for the little band of about 271 stalwart Friends to continue their growth as a spiritual community; that they did grow can be illustrated by one striking episode in their career. It occurred with regard to members of Jewish race, and was thus a miniature of one of the gravest questions in debate in the whole nation.

It was impossible for this small number of Quakers to be neutral in the matter; either they did as the ruling powers desired and contravened some of the basic principles of their existence as Friends, or they took their stand in a way that might mean every kind of disability and suffering. It was in 1932 that the Quakers in Berlin fell into this political hole, so to speak. Some of the members of the group, probably not yet fully seasoned to their new responsibilties and keenly aware of their freedom to share in the direction of that body, were so much influenced by the surrounding atmosphere that

Socialism did not fail to exploit with Schadenfreude (malicious pleasure). The Müller Government fell in March, 1930. On that day the Weimar Coalition virtually disappeared, and with it the German Republic."—" A People's History of Germany," p. 134. I am indebted to this short history for some of my facts and figures.

they began to make difficulties about the Clerk, at that time a very capable Woman Friend, P. H., who was of Jewish race. Divergencies grew apace, and soon it was hotly debated—a sad lapse from Quaker method—whether a Christian society could have as its secretary and, if need were, as its public representative, one who was thus affected. Feelings ran high and there were soon two sides in the Meeting. I chronicle the amount of heat only to show how strong were the outside influences to be counteracted. Here, in fact, in this minute Quaker group, only very slightly welded together, was the German tragedy played out in miniature; happily, the play ended differently, since the Quaker ending was not that of Herr Hitler. After much discussion and some resignations of members, the group decided that such distinctions could find no place in a body of Friends. If, later on, in 1935, the Clerk resigned, it was not that she was driven out with bitterness, but merely that it seemed well to make a change after all the difficulties had been faced and solved. It surely would not be wrong to call it providential that this fiercely bitter question was thus settled for the little Quaker craft in those turbulent waters. And when, later on, the terrible pogroms burst over the land, the Friends, in their little scattered groups up and down the country, did not have to seek the advice of any central authority as to what to do; they just took food and clothing to the sufferers, thus bridging the almost impossible gulf between Jews and Germans. The Yearly Meeting was quite clear as to the duty of its members.[1]

[1] Minute of the German Yearly Meeing held at Pyrmont, July, 1933:

"We have considered the position of the Yearly Meeting in the present national crisis, and have reached the conviction that we can only continue in faith and confidence to follow the path of witness to Quaker testimony which lies unaltered before us. We ask all our Members, each in his or her own sphere, so to act that, out of the fellowship of men and women joyous in faith, however small their number may be, there may grow that strength which enables each individual to work wonders, and which makes each of us a centre from which a light goeth out into the darkness. Times of distress in our lives should be transformed into times of the joy of a deep sense of responsibility. This joy will lead us amongst those who suffer, but it will awaken in us a sense of real inward fellowship."

Quoted in Minute 731 of the Germany and Holland Committee, September 20th, 1933.

And all this time, and throughout the 1930's, Friends from England and America came and went, some workers staying for months, some for a year or more; they kept the Student clubs alive, they supported the Centres, they went into towns and villages with their message of good will and courage, trying to understand and combat the growing terror of the Jewish population; there is no other word to describe their work so well as to call it "Alongsidedness." Of all these efforts to ease the tension and to bring spiritual sympathy to the sufferers there is none that better represents Quaker propaganda—if such it can be called—than the Rest Home plan as it was initiated by Helen W. Dixon and others in November, 1933. The method was very simple: it consisted in a few Women Friends taking rooms in some Boarding House during the autumn and winter months, and inviting various Germans to come and stay, mostly for a fortnight. The Friends were the hostesses, and, as it only entailed two or three at a time, it was comparatively easy to keep the Home going by a change of hostesses. The invitation was a genuine one, as no charge was made, and the atmosphere was one of real friendship. There was the best available food and comfort in some pleasant surroundings, there were country walks and talks, games in the evenings and, for those who cared to attend it, the little service of mostly silent worship after the manner of Friends. And was that all? It seemed so to the Gestapo on their frequent visits, so that it was difficult to get hold of any reason for stopping it. And yet they did, perhaps, get some suspicion that a good deal was going on under that simple exterior. Whom did the Friends invite? Were they all friends of the Quakers? Could the list of them be seen? etc., etc. That list was most carefully guarded elsewhere, otherwise too many persons would have come into the hands of the Gestapo. One of the amusing incidents would be that the guest had sometimes no idea how he had got there, since he knew neither the Hostess nor any of the other guests, and sometimes even knew nothing about Friends. The guests, however, were easy to find; those who had once experienced what the Quaker Rest Home was like would plead that some other wounded one might receive an invitation; probably the address would be given personally so that the post knew nothing of the whence of the proposal. So

the rooms were filled and refilled and were never large enough for all the would-be comers.

And who were they, these broken souls? A husband and wife at the very end of everything, Jews who could hardly exist under the present stress, a man from a Concentration Camp, a Trade Union leader, a Jewish wife of a University Professor, or a Communist, all and every kind of injured body and soul. Often nothing was said, in the way of special enquiry or even sympathy, but somehow it was *felt*. Sometimes a guest would be utterly reserved, too proud to complain, especially to foreigners, too sore to be grateful until perhaps the last evening, and then a so-called chance word would pierce the barriers and one of the Hostesses would listen to a terrible tale of what lay behind that iron manner. Or the apparently gay and unthinking little wife would break down at last and confess that she needed some reality in her inner life which she had not got, and thought that she might learn about it there. For years this service went on, financed year by year and sustained by Women Friends in varying numbers. During seven of those years the Home found most suitable quarters in Pyrmont, where with a group of American Roman Catholic Sisters they could still live safely under the Stars and Stripes; and then the new Meeting House played its part in the cure; there was no compulsion of any kind, but, of course, the guests would be welcome there if they chose to go to the Meeting House, and go they did.

Making Quakers, was it? No—not that but giving to those who had lost all hope or belief of any kind a sense—if nothing more—that there was still good-will in the world and perhaps even a God. It might be asked, would such patient service in time heal the internal wounds of Germany herself so that she might again become the great nation that she felt herself fundamentally to be? It had been said by outsiders that the American Child Feeding had certainly aided the settlement of Germany after the war, and it was true that the Quakers were for long—whether permanently or not I cannot say—unlike every other organisation not " Gleichgeschaltet " (Regimented). So there was one tiny stream of good-will flowing at the same time as the swirling tide of Nazi hate, but the two currents were like oil and water running alongside but never mixing.

In July, 1933, the German Society of Friends met in their own Meeting House, old with memories of long ago, and new in its recovered strength; a very simple rectangular building with one large room for gatherings, above it attic rooms to be furnished later as guest rooms, and below, as the ground sloped away, the restaurant, half underground and opening on to the garden. Here we partook of vegetarian meals, prepared by some of the Members themselves, others helping in many ways to carry through the real communion in outer as well as inner matters of those days. In front there was a bit of garden where many long-remembered conversations took place, and just outside the gate one's eyes could gaze up the beautiful avenue which breasted the hill. There were special arrangements for the children who had to come with their parents, since the Members were not able to leave them at home. The Children had their own gatherings led by an able teacher, and they only came in to the other sittings occasionally when it might be interesting for them; they mealed outside and had jolly walks and expeditions in the afternoons, —an ideal plan for the holidays.

But it was not these idyllic amenities which drew together the few hundred persons—some of them from abroad—who gathered there from year to year in those troubled times, in spite of police supervision, in spite of a possible spy in our midst. No! it was partly a sense of community in a world which seemed to be going to pieces, and even still more the desire to taste of that strange exhilaration which comes from being in a Meeting, held, as Friends say, in The Life. I remember on one occasion that a well-known German Friend, Alfons Paquet, had agreed to give an address, and he came prepared with his own paper all ready. As the time for speaking drew near he grew more and more uneasy in his mind, and finally found that, if he was to be true to himself, he must put that aside and just speak out of what would be given to him at the time. I shall never forget that marvellous address about the Christ, when the words seemed to be winged with unusual meaning and which came, I truly believe, straight out of The Life and touched what was of that Life in us.

Is there something symbolic in the contrast that in the February of this same year, 1933, when Friends were about to settle into their own home and were planning future work

and service for God, that someone—Oh! of course, the Communists—had set fire to the Reichstags Gebäude, and the nation, such as it then was, was without a home for its Parliament and the day after that without a constitution? Hindenburg had signed it away. What a contrast! On the one hand, the tiny growth in a home and on the other, a mass homelessness which was fast leading to the chaos of war.

The end of this story is still shrouded in the darkness and sorrow of a great nation which has, for the time being, lost its way. We know very little of what is happening over there, but perhaps we Friends know enough to guess at a brave steadfastness which, whether or not it can bring any organised Society of friends through the tragic testing, will, nevertheless, have left something undying in the history of Germany.

Two special points have been impressed upon me by the experiences here related. First of all, I cannot doubt the existence of a Guidance which I dare to call Divine—which can so invade one's soul as to set one's feet on wholly untried and unexpected paths. I have not attempted to delineate in detail the calm, clear sense which possessed me that to Germany I must go. I was told, after the war, that it would be much easier and more quickly arranged if I would go to Vienna; it did not move me, since I had really no choice.

Nor can the second point be lightly worded; rather than attempting to define it let us rest in the reality of that spiritual change which carries a soul over from the ranks of those who work on the level of individual opposition to the ranks of those who even faintly and dimly somehow touch that unity that underlies all our divergencies, who go the New Way of Jesus Christ which opens the door to creative living. This step each one must find for himself. He may find it under old formulas, or in words wrought in the fire of need—he may only catch a fleeting glimpse of it at times and, like T. S. Eliot, seize it in haste ere it disappear; he may find it as the American C.O. found it when he not only did not resist the bloodthirsty Kurds who were murdering and raiding the mission station, but actually helped them to break open the money chest, and in so doing found his brotherhood with them. Or it may come to some, over and over again, in " a word of power spoken long since in Galilee.' However that may be, anyone who experienced what the Friends did in

those early '20's in Germany knows, without a doubt, that there is something of God in everyone and that if only we could everywhen and everywhere, be friends of God and of men, in deed as well as in name, in all our darkness Light would arise.

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